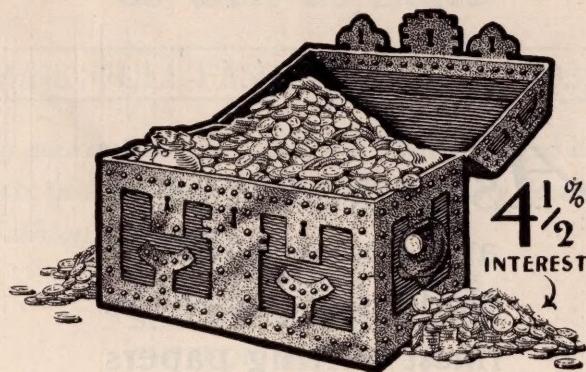


The Student's Pen



Commencement Issue
JANUARY, 1928

THE TREASURE CHEST



OF THE BERKSHIRES

No one is well educated who has not learned to SAVE and they who learn to save may secure still higher education

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SERVICE WEIGHT	\$1.65
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The Wallace Company



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Watch will be long
remembered for
they are a
“Gift That Lasts”*

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634 NORTH STREET

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

THE STUDENT'S PEN

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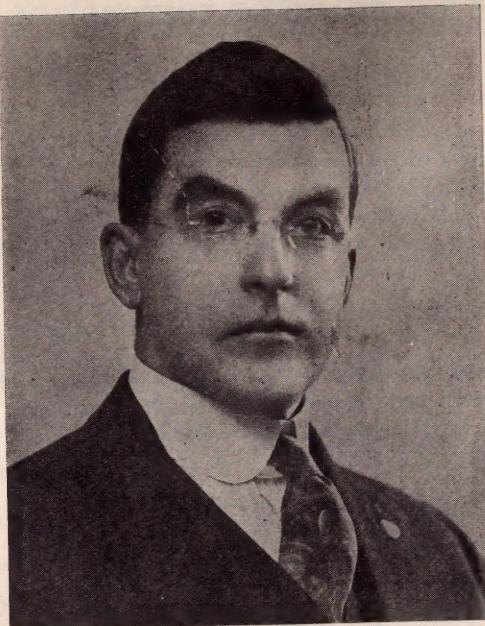
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Wise in guidance,
Sound in counsel,
Loyal in friendship.

Here is "a man who stands four square
To all the winds that blow".

We, the class of February, 1928, dedicate this, our Commencement issue
of 'The Student's Pen', to our principal, Mr. Roy M. Strout,
as a token of our love and esteem.



Alexander Hamilton

TALLEYRAND, a French contemporary of Alexander Hamilton, once said of him, "I consider Napoleon, Fox, and Hamilton, the three great men of our epoch, and if I were obliged to choose between them, without hesitancy, I would give first place to Hamilton."

Throughout his life Alexander Hamilton sought not for material rewards but for fame as a public benefactor. With this as a motive it was natural that he should have the welfare of the public at heart.

Hamilton was born of Scotch and English parentage, January 11, 1757, on one of the islands of the British West Indies. At the age of fourteen he came to New York, where, after two years of preparation, he entered King's College, now Columbia University, completing the four year course in two years. During this period he became interested in the cause of the colonies; and, imbued with a strong patriotism, made at the age of seventeen his first speech on separation from England. All who heard him marveled at the clearness, logic, and originality of his ideas.

During the greater part of the Revolution Hamilton was Washington's private secretary. It was his correspondence, signed "George Washington," which raised our general so high in the estimation of Europe "as a man of profound and luminous intellect."

When the war was over, the country certainly had need of some one who could place it financially upon its feet. The paper currency held by the people was practically worthless. Jefferson estimated that, in 1781, \$1,000 in Continental currency was worth about one dollar in gold. Already the foreign account was overdrawn three and a half million lires. Robert Morris declared, "It can no longer be a doubt to Congress, that our public credit is gone." In spite of urgent calls for money, the States did not respond. In 1782 and '83 Congress asked for \$10,000,000 and collected only \$1,500,000—a little more than one-tenth of what she had asked. The trouble was "not poverty, but commercial confusion, vicious politics, and a native disinclination to pay taxes."

To correct this the Constitutional Convention was held in 1786. Here Hamilton brought forward his plans for a national government. These were adopted with little modification.

On April 10, 1789 Washington was inaugurated president at New York, and soon after he appointed Hamilton as his Secretary of the Treasury. Hamilton's first great task was the Report on Public Credit. The main points of the Report were these: "The exploding of the discrimination fallacy, the assumption of the State debts by the Government, the funding of the entire amount of the public debt, foreign, domestic, and State, the prompt payment of the arrears and current interest of the foreign loan on the original terms of the contract; and increased duties on foreign commodities, that the government might be able to pay the interest on her new debts and meet her current expenses." The Report contained more than one admonition for prompt action, as the credit of the nation was reaching a lower level daily, while the debt was constantly increasing thru arrears of interest. Hamilton estimated that the debt was about \$80,000,000. He also hinted of his plans for a National Bank.

The Assumption Bill, one of the results of this report, brought increasing prosperity. Soon farmers and merchants beheld the prices of public securities going up, heard that in Holland the foreign loan had gone above par, and that \$288,000 of the domestic debt had been purchased and canceled at a cost of \$150,000; they saw trade reviving, and felt their own burdens lighten with the banishment of the State debt. Confidence returned at home. Money came out of hiding, and the country entered upon an era of business prosperity.

In 1791 the legislature of New Jersey passed an act incorporating The Society for Establishing Useful Manufactures. Not only was Hamilton interested in this, but he also aided its development. By so doing he intended to increase the objects of profit and employment, to strengthen the public credit, and to reduce the public debt. In accomplishing these objectives, at a time which was ripe for the development of greater industrial activity, he believed that an impetus would be given to internal trade, and that the economic independence of the United States would be made more secure.

During December of 1790 Hamilton sent to Congress a recommendation for the establishment of a National Bank. This was incorporated into a bill which passed thru both Houses by a large majority. The Bank was organized with a capital of \$10,000,000. The government held one-fifth of the stock, and named some of the managing Board. In return the Bank acted as the agent of the government in securing loans, and took care of the national funds. In other respects it was like most banks,—receiving deposits, issuing paper notes (which made a much needed currency), transferring credits and cash from one part of the country to another, and making loans on suitable securities. The central bank was at Philadelphia, with branches in eight other leading cities.

The Bank was prosperous and successful, paying eight percent dividends from the start; and the assistance which it rendered to the Treasury was fully as great as had been anticipated. The bank was "considered the crowning part of Hamilton's whole system" and was his "most far-reaching commercial act."

At the election of 1800, when Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr were running on the same ticket, Hamilton, after seeing that his party could not win, helped Jefferson, one of its bitterest enemies, to become president, that a man, so corrupt and unscrupulous as Burr, might not be elected to that position. This, to-

gether with Hamilton's success in keeping him from the governorship of New York, so aroused the hatred of Burr that he challenged Hamilton to a duel. The duel was fought July 11, 1804 at Weehawken on the west bank of the Hudson. Hamilton was mortally wounded, dying that afternoon. Everywhere his death was lamented as a public calamity, for his great services to the financial well-being of his country were widely recognized.

Governor Morris, speaking at Hamilton's funeral, described his attitude toward the public thus. "He never lost sight of your interests!" he exclaimed, "I declare to you before that God in whose presence we are now so especially assembled, that in his most private and confidential conversations, his sole subject of discussion was your freedom and happiness. Although he was compelled to abandon public life, never for a moment did he abandon the public service. He never lost sight of your interests. For himself he feared nothing; but he feared that bad men might, by false professions, acquire your confidence and abuse it to your ruin. He was ambitious only of glory, but he was deeply solicitous for you."

Howard Foote

John Jacob Astor

ALEXANDER HAMILTON reestablished the failing credit of the United States and placed the country on a firm financial basis. This made it possible for enterprising merchants to extend the sphere of their trading activities, to open up new markets and incidentally to accumulate large fortunes for themselves. Perhaps the most conspicuous of these merchants was John Jacob Astor. A man of powerful personality, ambitious, shrewd, and farsighted, he acquired a fortune estimated at his death at twenty million dollars and now worth two hundred million dollars. Astor stands in direct contrast to Alexander Hamilton, in that his sole thought was of personal gain.

He was born near Heidelberg, Germany in 1763, the son of a peasant. At the age of sixteen years, he went to London to work with his brother, a maker of musical instruments in the firm of Astor and Broadwood. Three years later, he arrived in New York City to establish an agency for the London firm. For several years he continued his music store, but this business gradually became secondary to his ever-increasing interest in fur-trading.

At this time a large part of New York State was still a fur-bearing country. When the season for skin collecting came around, Astor would start out with his pack on his back. Taking with him cakes, toys, trinkets, cheap jewelry and the like—things of great attractiveness to the red man, he traversed every Indian trail in the state, visiting the tents of the Mohawks and Senecas, where he bartered his comparatively worthless pack for the most expensive and beautiful furs in their possession. As his trade in furs increased, he gave up the music business entirely. He worked from dawn till dark and his ardor never lessened. He cured, beat and packed the pelts which he bought; it was he who supervised the entire business relations of the firm which had grown now into the vast enterprise known as the Great American Fur Company. He could readily sell all the common furs such as mink, rabbit and squirrel in the American market but the

more expensive skins were unsalable in any great quantity here. Since he had no business agent in London, he decided to go there himself to dispose of these furs. London proved an exceptionally good market and he sold them at a high price, purchasing a return cargo of trading goods. While in London, Astor visited the East India House and there learned much about the Chinese trade. On returning home, he decided to send an American vessel to China. Thus New York was linked with two of the greatest commercial centers of the day, London and Canton. Astor's vessel carried a cargo which consisted largely of gin-sing, lead and scrap iron, which was disposed of in the Chinese market at an enormous profit. The return cargo consisted of tea which sold in New York for one dollar more a pound than it had cost in China.

Astor was the first American merchant to conceive the idea of habitually trading around the globe and his many ventures to the Orient proved singularly profitable. His wealth grew immensely; everything he touched seemed to turn to gold.

In 1789, entirely apart from his fur-trading, he began to buy New York real estate, believing that this city was destined to be the great trading center of the United States. People thought that he was in store for the loss of the fortune which his indomitable will and perseverance had brought him. Apparently worthless, marshy land, he bought with an eagerness which made him subject to much ridicule. But he was content to buy land and hold it, waiting for developments. Instead of building on and improving his land, it was his custom to lease it for a period of twenty-one years. When the lease expired, he would demand the renewal at an extremely high price or the immediate departure of the tenants. In this way his property was developed without any expenditure on his part. This policy was in direct contrast to the land policy of our American patriots, but Astor cared little what people thought of him. His sole concern was to accumulate wealth.

In the fur business he had used every possible means to gain his own ends, regardless of law. He had brought intoxicating liquors to the Indian tribes and when they were sufficiently under the influence, he would persuade them to sell their expensive furs for practically nothing at all. This practice was not only morally wrong but was legally prohibited as well. Likewise, in the real estate business, he was a large money lender on property he knew to be valuable, encouraging dissolute heirs to borrow and then proceeding to foreclose. In this way he gained the property of some of America's oldest families and ruined them financially.

His parsimony and his lack of ethical standards, coupled with a keen business sense enabled him to build up one of America's greatest fortunes. But it was a fortune acquired entirely through selfish motives and with never a thought of obligation to his country.

Grace M. Quirk

Cornelius Vanderbilt

THE next period in the development of American business policy was one in which fortunes were gained and lost in a day, and one in which there was hardly any conception of business honor. Typical of this period was Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Cornelius Vanderbilt was born May 27, 1794, at Port Richmond, New York. Strong physically and mentally and having a great love for the sea, he early went to work on his father's small ferry where, even at the age of twelve, he showed remarkable ability in successfully overseeing various jobs for which his father had contracted. At sixteen he decided to become a sailor, but instead, with one hundred dollars which his mother loaned him, he bought a twenty passenger ferry and started in business for himself.

By charging only eighteen cents for a fare and working on an average of sixteen hours per day, he was able to save over \$1,000 the first year and soon had built up a flourishing business. During the war of 1812, he worked at all kinds of shipping contracts besides carrying on his regular ferrying. Now he began to study methods of improving the shape and build of ships and he introduced some novel ideas in a small vessel of his own which he had constructed for coastwise trade. So profitable was his shipping business that in 1817, at the age of twenty-three, he had \$9,000 in cash and an interest in various sailing vessels.

At this time, Vanderbilt became convinced that the future of navigation lay in the steamboat, so he sold his interests in half a dozen ships, gave up his \$3,000 annual profits, and at a salary of \$1,000 took over the captaincy of a steamboat owned by Thomas Gibbons, who was running a combination stage and steamer line from New York to Philadelphia in defiance of the New York monopoly on this form of navigation became a paying institution and a larger and better steamer was built. At last the business began to pay Gibbons \$40,000 a year, so he doubled Vanderbilt's salary. During this time, Gibbons had a hard fight with the monopoly and all in his employ were subjected to innumerable annoyances until it was declared unconstitutional in 1824.

By 1829, Vanderbilt had \$30,000 in cash. Now he resigned his position with Gibbons, built steamboats of improved design, and ran them in opposition to old, established lines. He furnished transportation at the lowest possible rates, thus driving his competitors out of business. Between 1830 and 1835, he made \$30,000 a year and in 1836 he made \$60,000. At this time, he was forty years old and worth \$500,000. In the next ten years he prospered greatly and increased his operations in many directions.

In 1849, at the time of the gold rush, Vanderbilt saw that by using several steamships and routing them by way of Lake Nicaragua, he would be able to transport passengers and freight from New York to San Francisco at half the price which the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. was charging. This line gave him a personal profit of about \$1,000,000 a year until 1853, when he sold it to the Nicaragua Transit Line. Upon their refusal to complete their payments for this business, Vanderbilt, instead of taking the matter to the courts as he might have done, sent them the following letter:

Gentlemen: You have undertaken to cheat me. I won't sue you, for the law is too slow. I will ruin you.

Yours truly,
Cornelius Vanderbilt.

This was his usual policy; to smash all who opposed him. He started an opposing fleet with which he bankrupted the Transit Line and increased his own fortune in the next nine years to \$20,000,000.

When the Crimean War broke out, Vanderbilt, who had entered transatlantic shipping, was able to prove the superiority of his ships over those of his rivals and obtain the contract to carry the mails. He did not, however, keep this line, but gradually sold out his interests because he believed that railroads were the coming investment. Thus, when the Union commandeered all American owned vessels to help blockade the southern ports at the beginning of the Civil War, he was not affected and lost no money.

In the winter of 1862-63, Vanderbilt began buying stock in the Harlem Railroad, stating that he had the \$3,000,000 in cash which he had obtained for his ships and which he must invest. Soon the stock began to rise from \$10, at which price it had been when he had started to buy, till it was at \$100 or par. In April the New York Common Council authorized him to build a street railway down Broadway to the Battery.

In June of the same year, the aldermen who had granted this franchise, began selling the Harlem stock short. The Commodore and his friends, however, continued to buy. When more shares had been sold than there actually were, the Council rescinded the ordinance and the stock dropped to 72. But it shot up again, for the Commodore held it all, and he forced the aldermen to settle at \$179 a share. In this deal, he and his associates made millions while the Common Council was ruined.

Mr. Vanderbilt then associated his son, William H., with him as vice-president of the Harlem Road and together they repaired the track, improved the speed, and made of the Harlem a paying investment. Vanderbilt's rules for managing a railroad were (1) buy your railroad (2) stop the stealing that went on under the other man, (3) improve it in all ways practicable and within a reasonable expenditure, (4) consolidate it with any other road which can be run with it economically, (5) water its stock, (6) make it pay a large dividend. In other words, he believed in doing everything to the railroad which would make it pay him more money.

In the fall of '63, the Commodore began to buy stock in the Hudson River Railroad which was then in a state of virtual bankruptcy. He wished to consolidate the Harlem and Hudson lines, and had a bill to this effect introduced into the legislature. But, in 1864, the legislators used much the same tactics as had the aldermen in New York. Again the Commodore engineered a corner and completely ruined them, while adding millions to his personal fortune.

He now turned his attention toward the New York Central Railroad and invested \$2,000,000 in it. This road, however, was well controlled and paying dividends on its stock. The owners, having seen Vanderbilt's methods on the other roads, looked with suspicion on this investment. They changed the schedule on

their road so that in summer, all passengers and freight were taken from Albany to New York on river steamers, rather than on the Hudson River Railroad. This angered Vanderbilt greatly, so he retaliated, as usual, in a ruthless and unscrupulous manner. In the dead of winter, he refused to let the trains of the Hudson River line cross the river to Albany, so that all passengers on the Central line had to cross the Hudson and walk about a mile to get a train to New York. In the state investigation which followed, the Commodore showed that he thought only of himself and of his own rights. After this disturbance, his grip on the Central tightened and in 1867 he became president of this road also. He improved it as he had the others and soon its stock was on the rise.

In 1873, he took over the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad and also the Canada Southern and Michigan Central Road, thus completing the trunk line from New York to Chicago for which he had been working since 1863.

In these ten years he had not only acquired over 3,000 miles of railroad, but he had, by ruthless exploitation of the stock of these roads, increased his fortune from less than \$11,000,000 to \$104,000,000.

At 81 years of age he boasted that he had made over \$1,000,000 for every year of his life. Commodore Vanderbilt died January 4, 1877, after having led a full, busy, but self-centered existence. Though Vanderbilt never sacrificed his own stockholders to make himself rich, he laid heavy tribute upon the public to make rich the owners of the central properties, he being, almost always, by far the chief owner.

When Vanderbilt came into possession of each of his railroads, it was in a rundown and nearly bankrupt condition. He improved the speed, and the comfort of travel by them, but only that more people might use these roads and make more money for him. He never entered into any transactions or business deals unless he had some clear idea of how he would enrich himself by them.

Warren Shepardson

John Wanamaker

JN every branch of industry, in every mart of trade, in every walk of life, some one person stands out so prominently that he seems to tower head and shoulders above his fellow man. In the early years of the past century there existed in the city of New York a mercantile establishment, large and flourishing, that was considered the acme of commercial attainment. Regarded as the standard by which all stores in the same business were measured, the firm, indeed, was fortunate which was deemed worthy of mention by comparison. The merchant prince, A. T. Stewart, was its directing force and for scores of years the House of Stewart held a position only comparable to the House of Tiffany in the jewelry trade of the present day. To the Stewart reputation and in very reality to the actual Stewart location in New York City did John Wanamaker succeed.

John Wanamaker was born in the city of Philadelphia July 11, 1838. He was the eldest of six children who were loved and trained under the most tender devotion of Nelson and Elizabeth Wanamaker. His home surroundings were very unpretentious, but in that home were instilled in him ideas of probity of character, of love of God and fellow man that marked his official, as well as his private life

in the years that followed. He obtained a meagre amount of book learning in the public schools of his native city, and, because his family needed his financial assistance, at the age of fourteen his school days ended and he secured a position as an errand boy at \$1.25 a week. Ambition urged him on. His willingness to work soon brought him advancement, so that in 1861 forming a partnership with Nathan Brown, he opened a clothing store at Sixth and Market Streets. His friends prophesied failure for the firm, but the word "fail" was not in the lexicon of the youth Wanamaker. Difficulties (and they were many) were met and solved the days of discouragement and loss yielding gradually to days of hope and steady profits.

The partnership continued until 1868 when Mr. Brown died, and upon his death Mr. Wanamaker assumed sole control of the business, and for the first time an opportunity was afforded him of putting into effect his own ideas of business policies, policies so radical at that period that failure was again prophesied, but policies that the modern mercantile establishment must pursue if success is to be assured.

Early in his business career Mr. Wanamaker realized that there might be some profit in transient customers, but he must depend upon the permanent customer for his success, that the customer who returned again and again to purchase was the satisfied buyer, and that he alone was the desirable patron. "Satisfy the customer" became the watchword for himself and his employees. The prosperity that followed his decision testified to his knowledge of human nature.

The outstanding principles of his code of business ethics were: Prompt cash payments to workpeople on completion of their work: Short business days: One price and one price only for merchandise: and the refund of money for returned merchandise if unsatisfied.

In the early days working people were paid in clothing, groceries or other merchandise for their services. In this manner the employer secured a double profit from the labor and the stock in payment of the labor. This practice never appealed to Mr. Wanamaker, who believed that the workman should be paid in cash and allowed to purchase wherever he desired. The cash payment system was established in his store, and other merchants were obliged to follow his example to prevent a wholesale desertion of their sales forces to Mr. Wanamaker.

During the second year of his business he shortened the working day of his employees and not long after he granted them a half holiday on Saturday. No wonder that the clerks in other stores envied their fellow workers in Mr. Wanamaker's employ and hoped that they might be visited with equally good fortune.

A sliding scale of prices for the same article varying with the financial means of the purchaser was in evidence in practically every store in the early years of Mr. Wanamaker's business career; even today the same practice prevails somewhat, but is gradually disappearing. To him the price of an article was fixed and to rich and poor, to high and low it was the same; one price and one price only, and no commission to the clerk who might sell at a price above the amount marked on the tag.

His refund policy had never been attempted before and there were many who predicted the impossibility of the plan when he broached the subject. Perhaps no other merchant could have carried it out successfully, but he purposed to try out faithfully all his theories, and not to admit defeat until they had been proven impracticable. He allowed his customers to return articles purchased in his store if they were not satisfied, provided the articles had not been used. He believed that goods sold to a customer for one dollar were worth one dollar to himself and therefore gave the customer the privilege of returning them and securing the refund of the price. Today the firm that denies the customer's right to return goods for one reason or another is the exception in business, and the figures on the wrong side of the ledger proves its unpopularity with the buying public.

From the very start of his business Mr. Wanamaker recognized the value of advertising, especially in the newspapers. For years many merchants considered that money spent on "printer's ink" was wasted and advertising was a negligible factor in mercantile activity. To them the display window was sufficient to attract prospective customers. His faith in advertising as an asset to his business was so great that he soon adopted the full page of the press to inform the people of Philadelphia of the wonderful bargains they might secure on his counters. In truth it may be said that his success was established upon this factor combined with fair dealings with his patrons. At the present time this method of increasing business is taught in many of the great educational institutions of the world and is seriously considered by many students when choosing their life work.

As his business grew, more room was required and he purchased additional space from time to time. Who can forget the long, rambling succession of stores in Philadelphia that was known as Wanamaker's. From department to department on the ground floor one went, now ascending a step, now descending one, each variation of floor level representing an addition to the original store. It stood opposite the City Hall, which divided Broad Street into two rushing streams of humanity. Beside the City Hall was the Broad Street station of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Trains came and trains went and through Wanamaker's and the City Hall courtyard poured the travelers, yes, poured the people of Philadelphia. Wanamaker's was a veritable short cut to and from Market and Broad Streets. No attempt was ever made to prevent this, for Mr. Wanamaker realized that one of the first requisites of success was to get the people inside his store, and sooner or later they would buy.

Today in the same location stands a massive stone building typical of the man whose name it bears across its front. He incorporated in it many personal ideas for the entertainment and comfort of his employees, in furtherance of his belief that there was a social service due the worker from the employer. He established great recitation and lecture halls, and a wonderful auditorium with a mammoth organ on which daily concerts of the highest class of music were given. On the roof was constructed a huge athletic field with tennis courts, baseball field and various other accommodations for those athletically inclined. Not only were these provided, but time off during business hours was given for the enjoyment of the many recreations afforded in different parts of the store.

Success crowned his endeavors and a branch store was opened in Washington. In the city of New York he purchased the Stewart interests, and the growth of his business was so great that he was forced to erect a building larger than the original Stewart structure to which it is joined by an ornamental bridge spanning the intervening thoroughfare.

Mr. Wanamaker always urged saving, but not to the extent of miserliness. Waste he abhorred and he preached the doctrine of thrift. A method of saving, or investing if one wishes to call it such, adopted by him was life insurance. "Life insurance," he said, "assures confidence and begets credit, and credit makes profit. A man should not be urged into insurance because he is going to die, but because he wants to live more happily." He was at one time the most heavily insured man in the country, being insured for \$5,000,000.

The vision of the little boy of fourteen was realized. The path he had to tread was not an easy one, and many a hard hill he had to climb, but he never faltered as he struggled on toward the goal of success. Staunch and upright of character, honest and honorable in all his dealings, considerate of his co-workers and alive to his obligations to his patrons, he finally reached that high eminence where the world might pass judgment upon him and render a verdict all too seldom given: "There stands a Man."

Alberta Kilian

Henry Ford

THE policies of the ideal business leader of today present a marked contrast to those of the ideal business leader of years gone by. These policies are based on an economic principle which tends to transmit the benefits of the economy to the laborer and consumer.

This ideal business man of today is Henry Ford, one of the greatest benefactors of labor. This man was born and brought up on a farm in Greenfield, Michigan, a condition which would not be considered as warranting his present position in the industrial and financial world. His only interest as a boy was machinery. He cared neither for school nor for farm routine. His father, William Ford, had planned to make a successful farmer of his boy, but Henry's mind did not lean in that direction. From his very early days, Henry had almost unalterable opinions of his own. One of these was that he would be a mechanic, not a farmer.

This opinion caused Henry Ford to leave his home at the age of sixteen without the consent of his family. He went to Detroit where he obtained a position in a machine shop. He secured boundless pleasure from handling tools and machinery.

While in that city, he saw several steam engines used to operate a threshing-machine. These impressed him as being very heavy and clumsy. This impression created a desire within him to make a better engine—an engine which would burn gasoline. He attempted to build this at his farm, but the lack of tools and material made it an impossibility. For this reason, he returned with his wife to Detroit contrary to the advice of all his friends.

He followed a uniform daily routine for his next four years at Detroit—twelve hours at the Edison Electric Lighting and Power Company, and almost the whole of the night at work on his engine in a little shack in the rear of his home. At the start he determined that he would build an engine which would be the best possible—the simplest, the cheapest, the most efficient. That was one principle which guided him during those long, trying years of experiment. No part satisfied him unless it combined all of these qualities. These years were not radiant with success. Practically every detail of Henry Ford's engine was the cause of prolonged experimenting accompanied with occasional failures. Financial difficulties oftentimes delayed the work. Because of the singularity of his idea, few people were willing to invest in it. In spite of these difficulties, however, Henry Ford in four years built an engine which ran well and furnished propulsion for a carriage.

When the practicability of his machine was demonstrated by means of trials and races, his problem was to interest someone with capital to help in its manufacture. Henry Ford had planned out long before what his business policies would be. He planned so that there would be the least possible waste in material and no lost motion on the part of the workers. Machines were so arranged that from the time raw material entered, until the time a finished article left them, that article, while in process required no trucking or carrying for any distance. This little amount of motion which was eliminated would not seem much of a saving, but considering the fact that approximately five thousand parts enter into the making of a Ford automobile, the saving is very great. Henry Ford planned to make a cheap automobile by cutting the production costs to the limit, not by using cheap material.

To do business on a very large scale was another aim of Henry Ford—to make a small profit on a large number of cars rather than a large profit on a small number of cars.

With such a large output, he could buy in very large quantities, thus, also, reducing the price of his product. In order to get the best material at the lowest price Henry Ford has purchased his own lumber tracts and iron mines.

Precision in manufacture has also been a great factor in the maintainance of his low prices. When parts are ready for assembling, they require no fitting whatsoever. A part from one car of Henry Ford's make is interchangeable with any other car of the same make.

Henry Ford does not believe in yearly models but in constant improvements on his original model because his original model represented absolutely the best.

When every possible improvement and saving were made in production without a sacrifice in quality of material, the result was a dependable article at a reasonable price.

The story of Henry Ford's relations with his employees consists of a long line of events, everyone of which is for the betterment of labor and the laborer. His most noteworthy steps toward this end were the profit-sharing plan, the five dollar a day minimum wage, the eight hour day, and the five day week. When he found himself with millions accumulating on his hands, he devised a way

of sharing them among his employees in proportion to the service they had rendered. The reaction to this generosity was an increased output in the following months. When he announced a minimum wage of five dollars a day in 1914, countless critics said he could not possibly do it and sell his cars so cheaply at the same time. Henry Ford explained that these high wages are offset by efficient business management. With the announcement of the eight hour day and five day week there was much objection on the grounds that a man could not support a family on the earnings from such a short working period. Henry Ford overcame this difficulty by giving his workers six days' pay for their five days of work. He believes in allowing his workers the greatest amount of leisure consistent with his industry. His reason for this is that if a man worked from dawn to dusk for six or seven days of the week he would have no time or desire to enjoy or consume that which he produced.

Many of Henry Ford's critics claim that everything he does for his employees, he does with the ultimate object of enhancing his fortune. That may be true, but Henry Ford never made a purely selfish move in his handling of labor. No move which he ever made increased his fortune without also proving beneficial to labor and the laborer. The conditions at his factory and the homes of his employees prove the truth of his theories.

Henry Ford's enormous fortune is what may be expected to result from such logical and honest business policies. It is what remains of the profits of the Ford Motor Car Company after countless people have been benefited. Few of these people have obtained this benefit through individual gifts. That is not Henry Ford's idea of charity. People in every part of this earth have obtained this benefit as good wages for work while in Henry Ford's employ, directly or indirectly, and by sharing the savings in production on articles manufactured by Henry Ford. That is Henry Ford's idea of charity.

Francis Quirico

The English Carol

(Maplewood Prize Essay)

AT the Christmas season when red ribboned holly wreaths deck the door-fronts of countless houses, when friendly, wagging candles point their flickering fingers of light at you from countless windows, when people's faces are aglow with good fellowship and jollity, is it any wonder that finally our hearts and thoughts turn to music for expression? When a person is overflowingly happy, he sings. When the world is happiest at Christmas-tide, it sings; and it sings carols—quaint, sweet, simple carols that it has sung for thousands of years.

One thousand, nine hundred and twenty-seven years ago, over the plains of Palestine, a radiant angel throng chorused the triumphant message, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men". Have you ever stopped to think that this was the first real Christmas carol ever song?

No man can say where the beautiful custom of carol singing first became a ceremony. No one knows why, today, carols are sung only at Christmas. It is also difficult to understand why carols are universally sung out-of-doors—the deeper the snow, the frostier the air, the better.

It is believed that carols first came into common use by their appearance in pagan ritual. The word comes from the Italian *carolla*, meaning a ring or circle dance. Thus, it seems that at its origin, a carol was a dance. In the calendar of the early Christian Church, there was a festival, which confirms the belief that the carol was associated with the religious observance of Christmas. During the Nativity and Advent seasons, "cribs" or "crêches" were built in the churches, and songs and dances were performed around them. Doubtless, these were the first mystery plays, and they are given, even to this day, in the old cities of Spain.

Later the church banned dancing, and the old songs alone were left in the rituals. Thus we see the evolution of the carol—from a dance, to a song and dance, and then the song.

Almost every land in Christendom has its own peculiar Christmas carols. In Russia the ancient "Kolyada" songs, once prayers to pagan gods, now dedicated to Christian saints, are sung annually in the streets and squares. The French "Noël" songs and the famous German "Wiegenlieder" are known wherever there is Christmas music. In our own country, choirs and caroling parties roam the streets on Christmas Eve, singing carols of every land for the pleasure of loved ones and "shut-ins".

It is particularly noticeable however, that carols, and the custom of out-door caroling is peculiarly associated with England. One witty Frenchman said: "The French sing; the Germans howl; the Italians warble; the Spaniards wail, and the English carol." The English are still caroling. "Waits" sing under the windows of English homes on Christmas Eve, as they have sung for numberless Christmases.

The Christmas carol has been known and loved in England from the old days of the Norman Conquest. It took the place of the riotous "Yule" and "Wassail" songs of pagan origin. These old Yule Songs were sung once every year, in the churchyard, after a Sunday service. One of the typical songs of this period is:

Ule, Ule, Ule, Ule,
Three puddings in a pule
Crack nuts and cry "Ule!"

The manuscript of one of the earliest real English carols is preserved today in the British Museum. It was not written down until the fourteenth century, and there is no way of discovering how long it actually existed before this time. Indeed, for years no record was kept of either carols or composers. The words and tunes were handed down from father to son, family to family, and carols of other nations were translated for English use.

So popular had these carols become that in the fifteenth century Wynkyn de Worde, one of England's pioneer printers, published a collection of them, which contained many carols that are sung today, the most familiar being "God Rest Ye Merrie Gentlemen" and "Good King Wenceslaus". This collection contains all four types of carols: secular, sacred, legendary, and lullabies.

One of the most interesting carols in this edition is "The Boar's Head Song." This carol is still sung every Christmas at Queen's College, Oxford, just before Christmas dinner begins. It is very likely that this custom has been observed from the early founding of the college, in the fourteenth century. A huge boar's

head, tastily decorated with holly, rosemary, bay, and other greens, is carried into the dining hall on a large pewter platter. It is borne by two men, who hold it high above their heads, so that it is visible to everyone present. One member of the college choir walks along with them, with one hand resting on the platter edge, while he sings the "Boar's Head", the first stanza of which is:

"A boar's head in hand I bring,
Bedecked with bay and rosemary,
And I pray you masters be merrie
Quo estis in convivio."

After every stanza the whole company sings in Latin
"Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino."

The platter is then borne to the high table, where the Provost, Bursars, and Masters sit.

The whole proceeding is based upon an old college legend. One day, when one of the first students of Queen's College was coming from church, he was attacked by a monster wild boar. He had no ready means of defense, but finally after a terrific struggle he conquered the animal by thrusting a Greek testament down its throat. He then cut off its head, and bore his trophy in triumph to the college hall, where a great feast was held in his honor. Thus the custom has come down through the centuries.

The fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries produced many carols, the best known being "The First Noel", "We Three Kings of Orient Are," and "The Cherry Tree Carol".

There is a very interesting tale woven about and into the theme of this last carol. When Mary and Joseph were on their way to Bethlehem, they chanced to rest under a tall tree bearing ripe, red cherries. Mary voiced a wish that if it were God's will, she would like to have some of the fruit. No sooner had the words been uttered than the tree bowed down, and the cherries fell from their stems into Mary's lap.

In the eighteenth century carols were sung every evening by the fireside of cottage and castle, to the accompaniment of hot cakes, spiced ale and cider. On Sundays, during Advent and Epiphany, carols were sung instead of the usual psalms. At the end of the singing, it was customary for the parish clerk to proclaim in a loud voice his wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all his parishioners.

The nineteenth century was not so prolific in carols, one of the few composed being, "It Came upon a Midnight Clear", with its sweet ancient air.

Today, in the twentieth century we still love the old carols of England and other lands. Who does not enjoy to his very soul the lovely strains of an age old Christmas carol coming soft and mellow through the waiting air of Christmas Eve? Our hearts sing for pure joy; and our ecstasy and contentment find expression in the familiar beloved words:

"Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright,
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace!
Sleep in heavenly peace!"

Beatrice Vary

Graduation Program

Wednesday, January 25, 1928

Theme: The Development of American Business Policy

Alexander Hamilton

John Jacob Astor

Cornelius Vanderbilt

Concerto for Violin—*De Beriot*

John Wanamaker

Henry Ford

Pro Merito Awards

Presentation of Diplomas

Howard Foote

Grace Quirk

Warren Shepardson

Lazarus Frumkin, Henry Simkin

Alberta Kilian

Francis Quirico

Mr. John Cummings, Chairman of the School Board

His Honor, Mayor Jay P. Barnes

SCHOLARSHIP HONORS

Central Building

First Honor: Howard Eugene Foote

Second Honor: Warren Philip Shepardson

Commercial Building

First Honor: Mary Alberta Kilian

Second Honor: Francis Joseph Quirico

PRO-MERITO

Hazel Andrews

Florence Gertrude Bruce

Laura F. Durkee

Howard Eugene Foote

Lazarus Leonard Frumkin

Margaret Helena Haggerty

Sonia Halperin

Mary Alberta Kilian

Mildred Ruth Merriam

Victor Ernest Minotti

Gertrude Mabel Nagelschmidt

Francis Joseph Quirico

Grace Marguerite Quirk

Mabel Schauble

Warren Philip Shepardson

Bessie Phyllis Shusterman

Henry Simkin

Beatrice M. Vary

Robert Murray Wagner

SPECIAL AWARDS

Maplewood Institute Prize Essay

Beatrice M. Vary

Washington-Franklin Medal for Excellence in American History

Mary E. Read

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Gold Medal for Excellence in Mathematics and Science

Warren Philip Shepardson

Awards for Proficiency in Typewriting

Lillian Freadman

Isabel Pollock Green

Mary Alberta Kilian

Mildred Ruth Merriam

Gertrude Mabel Nagelschmidt

Margaret Anna Quinn

Mabel Schauble

Bessie Phyllis Shusterman

Caroline Anna Tamburello

Ethel Mae Vincent



THE CLASS OF FEBRUARY, 1928

**MR. BARRET RUDMAN**

In the years that are to come we shall always remember the loving friendship and sincere counsel of our devoted friend and adviser, Mr. Barret Rudman.

Who's Who**JOSEPH ACTOR**

Redfield Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High—Radio Club, Home Room Officer.

*Joe leads our list here
And will always be remembered, never fear,*

WALTER ANDERSON

Dawes Junior High, Debating Club, Radio Club, C. M. T. C.

*Walter is our champion chief
For he certainly can raise baby beef.*

ANTHONY ALBERTI

*Anthony is a quiet boy,
For him we wish much luck and joy.*

EVERETT AYER

Crane Grammar School, Crane Junior High School, Treasurer Radio Club, Secretary Etiquette Club, Vice Commander C. M. T. C. Football '25, Track '25.

*Ev, when you joined us we were filled with joy,
Because you are such a remarkable boy.*

WILLIAM BEDFORD

Mercer Grammar School, and Junior High, Football '26, '27, Hi-Y.

*Bill, we wish you much success,
And a life full of fun and happiness.*

HOWARD BRACE

Redfield Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Radio Club.

*Howard is the boy with a car
Nuff said, for he's known near and far.*

ALBERT BARRIS

Redfield Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High, Debating Club.

Student's Pen Club, photograph committee, and Class Will.

*Albert is an orator true,
For when he talks he makes red seem blue.*

FRANCIS BLACHE

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, C. M. T. C. Club.

*Francis an editor ought to be,
For whenever seen many papers has he.*

YADVIKA BACZKOWSKI

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, Public Speaking, First Aid Club, Home Nursing Club, Glee Club, Orchestra Club, Senior Play.

*Yadi the actress of our Class,
She's never been known to do anything rash.*

MARY CASEY

Pomeroy Grammar School—Etiquette Club, Posture Club, and Public Speaking Club.

*Mary seems to believe in the rule
That pupils should be seen and not heard in school.*

CATHERINE CONALLY "Kitty"

Crane Junior High, Radio Club, Etiquette Club, Posture Club.

*Kitty Conally happy and gay,
She goes singing merrily on her way.*

JOHN CONDRON

Mercer Junior High, Home Room president, Students Council, C M. T. C. Club, *Student's Pen*, Class Prophecy, Debating Club, Senior Play Committee.

*Condron is our class clown
For this he'll be known the world around.*

LILLIAN COWLIN

Pomeroy-Tucker Junior High, How to Study Club, Etiquette Club, and Glee Club.

*Lillian doesn't often let folks see,
What a nice friend she can really be.*

MERLE CRAIK

Pontoosuc Grammar School, Mercer Junior High, Handwork Club, Glee Club.

*Merle is known near and far,
'Cuz she's always running for the trolley car.*

DORIS CULLEN

Dawes Junior High, Junior Prom Committee General Play Committee, and Banquet Committee.

*Doris Cullen is our little class bird,
For so very often singing she's heard.*

JOHN CURTIS

Redfield Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Track '24, Public Speaking Club, Vice-president of Hi-Y, Glee Club, Students Council, Music Committee, Ring Committee, Class Day Committee, Class Gift Committee, Banquet Toastmaster.

*Johnny is our handsomest boy,
We hope that his future will be full of joy.*

GERMAINE DOUILLET

Dawes Junior High, Etiquette Club, Public Speaking Club, Glee Club, Senior Play.

*Jimmy is our little French lass
Who reigned as a star in the Charm School
Class.*

EVELYN DUPREY

Mercer Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, *Student's Pen* Club.

*"Evey" is the shortest in our class
And really is a dear little lass.*

LAURA DURKEE

Dawes Grammar School, Glee Club, Etiquette Club, Handwork Club, First Aid Club, Senior Play, Class Day Committee, Home Room Officer.

*Laura seems to be every one's friend
We wish her all the joy that life can send.*

HOWARD EVANS

Plunkett Junior High.

*Howard is our classmate sincere,
We wish him success for every year.*

JACK FINN

Mercer Junior High, *Student's Pen* Club, Glee Club, Student's Council, Cheer Leader, *Eagle Reporter* '27, '28, Home Room Officer.

*Jack we think is known to everyone,
Because he is so happy and full of fun.*

HOWARD FOOTE

Dawes Junior High, Mathematics Club, Advertising Committee for Prom, Valedictorian.

*Howard is our Valedictorian
But we're quite sure he'll become an historian.*

LAZARUS FRUMKIN

Tucker Junior High, Orchestra, Treasurer Play Committee, Pro Merito.

*Lazi is a musician t'is true
But he comes out on top in his studies too.*

SAMUEL GARBOWITZ

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High.

*Take all the luck that we could wish,
And add success and happiness.*

DOROTHY GRIFFIN

Plunkett Junior High, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Orchestra.

*Dot serves luncheons to the boys at noon,
May she find one to serve her but not too soon.*

SUMNER GAMWELL

Redfield Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High, Radio Club, Glee Club, Student's Council, Cheer Leader '24, '25, '26, '27. Play Committee, Photograph Committee, Class Will Committee.

*Sumner's laugh can be heard far and near,
But in spite of that he's rather a dear.*

MARGARET HAGGERTY, "Marg"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Pro Merito, Glee Club, Etiquette Club, *Student's Pen* Club.

*Margaret is a sweet little lass,
She helps to spread sunshine throughout the
class.*

MARCHA HICKEN, "March"

Redfield Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Home Room Officer, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Ring Committee, Junior Prom Committee.

*Success and future happiness,
We willingly wish to our cutest lass.*

EDWARD HUNT, "Ed"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Public Speaking Club, Prom Music Committee.

*Eddie is our class pest,
He never gives one time to rest.*

SONIA HALPERIN

Tucker Junior High School, Pro Merito, Handwork Club.

*Sonia, we wish you'd tell us how to be clever,
For we'll not find your equal ever.*

EDWARD JACOBSON, "Ed"

Dawes Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Radio Club.

*Edward wears his hair slightly curled,
May he never be lacking for a girl.*

ANNY JEPPESEN

Mercer Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Handwork Club.

*Anny remember the car at eight,
And never, never, never be late.*

JACOB KAPLAN

Joseph Tucker School, Radio Club, Public Speaking, Dramatics.

*Jacob Kaplan is very shy,
Yet he makes friends without a try.*

MARJORIE KEENE, "Keene"

Mercer Grammar School, Dawes Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Junior Prom Committee, Ring Committee, Banquet Committee.

*Very pretty and popular, too,
When she is near one ne'er can be blue.*

MARY KUSHI, "Kush"

Crane Junior High School, Glee Club, Handwork Club, Public Speaking Club, Orchestra.

*Mary is very good and true,
May she never feel lonesome or blue.*

GILBERT LAWSON, "Gil"

Redfield Grammar School, Crane Junior High School, President and secretary of the Radio Club.

*"Gil" seems to be our radio boy,
Tune in "Gil" and get J-O-Y.*

GERALDINE LEAR, "Jo"

Mercer Junior High School, Glee Club, Handwork Club, Prom Committee, Play Committee, Stage Manager, Graduation Committee.

*"Joe, where's this?" "Miss Lear, where'd
that go?"
The success of the play to this girl we owe.*

SIMON LIPSCHITZ

Public School No. 14, New York City, Tucker Junior High School, Track teams '26, '27.

*A quiet boy, but full of fun
Yes, you're right, he's just the one.*

FREDERICK LUMMUS, "Freddie"

Rice Grammar School, Crane Junior High School Public Speaking Club, Student's Council, Commander of C. M. T. C., Class Prophecy, Class Day Committee, Football '26, '27.

*Fred is commander of the C. M. T. C.
So salute, all, when him you see.*

PHYLLIS LUNDY, "Phil"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, *Student's Pen* Club, Senior Play, Class Day Speaker.

*Phyllis is our wittiest lass
And, also, the fashion plate of the class.*

HENRY KLINKE

Bartlett High School, Webster, Massachusetts.

*Henry is a friendly lad
And as a student he's not so bad.*

DONALD MacINTOSH, "Don"

Redfield Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Prom Decorating Committee, Ring Committee, Class Play, Football '26, '27.

*"Donnie Mac," our cutest boy
To him we wish success and joy.*

DOROTHY McGEE, "Dot"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Handwork Club, Public Speaking Club, Treasurer of Room 5, Senior Play.

*Our class giggler is Dot McGee
She's a very nice girl, tee-hee.*

LOUISE MILLET, "Lou"

Mercer Grammar School, Tucker Junior High School, Etiquette Club, *Student's Pen* Club.

*The best in life we wish our "Lou",
And lots of luck and friendships too.*

VICTOR MINOTTI, "Vic"

Crane Junior High School, Debating Club, Student's Council, Play Publicity Man, Program Committee, Banquet Committee.

*"Vic" was one of the "Charm School" twins
And when he debates he always wins.*

ANNA MONKS

Pomeroy Grammar School, Crane Junior High School.

*Anna is a quiet little one,
But we all know she's full of fun.*

MARY MUSGROVE

Dawes Grammar School, Glee Club, Etiquette Club, Home Nursing Club, First Aid Club, Handwork Club.

*Mary is a very good cook,
For she doesn't have to use the book.*

VICTOR OUELETTE, "Vic"

Rice Grammar School, Mercer Junior High School, Prom Committee, Class Day Speaker.

*Victor where e'er he goes,
Has many a friend but never a foe.*

EDWARD PARSLAW, "Eddie"

Plunkett Junior High School, Current Events Club.

*Edward is quiet the whole year thru,
But never mind "Eddie", we know you're true blue.*

HOMER PATNODE, "Pat"

Mercer Junior High School, Prom Committee, Joke Editor of the *Student's Pen*, Class Day Speaker.

*"Pat" writes jokes for our school paper,
He surely is a real fun-maker.*

BESSIE PATTERSON, "Bess"

Crane Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Home Nursing Club, First Aid Club.

*Gentlemen prefer blondes, they say
Why Bessie shines, is clear as day.*

GRACE QUIRK, "Gracie"

Mercer Grammar School, Tucker Junior High School, Pro Merito, Graduation Speaker *Student's Pen* Club, Book Review Editor, Decorating Committee.

*Gracie, our Pro Merito
She has many friends but never a foe.*

WILLIAM POMEROY, "Bill"

Plunkett Junior High School, Glee Club, Current Events Club, Class President, Prom Committee, Ring Committee, Play Committee, Gift Committee, Cheer Leader, Baseball '25, '26, '27, Basketball '25, '26, '27, Football '24, '25, '26, '27.

*"Bill," the president of the Senior A's,
May he be happy the rest of his days.*

ALBERTA PIERCE

Mercer Grammar School, Tucker Junior High School, Glee Club, Handwork Club.

*Alberta doesn't have much to say,
But she's very charming in her very own way.*

DORIS PALMER, "Dutchy"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Handwork Club.

*Doris has been seen making a lamp,
We know why, the little vamp.*

MARY READ

Mercer Junior High School, Glee Club, Handwork Club, Reception Committee, Statistics and Who's Who Committee, Orchestra '25, '26.

*Though we search for weeks and days
"There's no pal like Mary," we all say.*

MARJORIE REED, "Margy"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Handwork Club, Baseball '27.

*Hello, Margy" is the happy greeting,
Given to her in each friendly meeting.*

ANGELINE RIEPERT, "Angie"

Dawes Junior High School, Glee Club, Public Speaking Club, Reception Committee.

*"Angie" is a very good scout
Whenever she's seen she's with an escort.*

DOUGLAS RINGEY, "Doug"

Dawes Junior High School, Orchestra, *Doug is not concerned with trifles.*
His specialties are books and rifles.

CHARLES ROBINSON, "Charlie"

Russell Grammar School, Mercer Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Varsity Club, Baseball '25, '26, '27, Basketball '27, Football '25, '26, '27.

*"Charlie" is a boy full of fun,
Think of all the games he's won.*

JANICE ROYCE, "Jannie"

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Posture Club, Statistics and Who's Who Committee.

*"Jannie" in Spanish seems to excel
But she excels in other things as well.*

WARREN SHEPARDSON, "Shep"

Mercer Junior High School, Class Vice-president, Pro Merito, Secretary Hi-Y, Graduation Speaker, Vice-president Home Room, Etiquette Club, Salutatorian, Prom Committee, Track '25, '26, '28, Play Committee, Football '25, '26, '27, Student's Council.

*"Shep" is "delinquent" as Miss Pfeiffer knows,
Still he'll have friends wherever he goes.*

HENRY SIMKIN

Mark Hopkins, North Adams, Massachusetts, Tucker Junior High School, Home Room Officer, Orchestra.

*Henry, a violin can nicely play,
He'll fiddle himself to success someday.*

ELIZABETH SMITH, "Betty"

Mercer Grammar School, Tucker Junior High School, *Student's Pen* Club, Orchestra.

*Betty with her auburn hair,
Has very many qualities rare.*

CLARE STANTON

Dawes Junior High School, Glee Club, Current Events Club, Public Speaking Club.

*"What," say we, "is the 'special', Clare"
As we pass her on the stair.*

BEATRICE VARY, "Bee"

Dawes Junior High School, Class Secretary, Etiquette Club, Glee Club, Handwork Club, *Student's Pen* Club, Prom Committee, Play Committee, Graduation Committee.

*Beatrice sometimes known as "Bee"
She'll succeed you wait and see.*

HARRY VOLIN

Mercer Junior High School, Radio Club, Etiquette Club, Baseball '26, '27.

*To Harry the girls in the scandal sheet,
Always look very pretty and neat.*

ROBERT WAGNER, "Bob"

Redfield Grammar School, Dawes Junior High School, Home Room President, Pro Merito, Hi-Y, Art Editor of the *Student's Pen*, Editor of the *Student's Pen*, Banquet Speaker, Class Day Speaker, Treasurer Home Room, Etiquette Club, Public Speaking Club, Vice-president Junior "A" Class, Class Day Committee, Gift Committee.

*"Bob" is the artist of Pittsfield High,
May Lady Luck never pass him by.*

STEPHEN WOLFE

Russell Grammar School, Mercer Junior High School, Etiquette Club, Varsity Club, Senior Play, Track '26, '27.

*Stephen, the boy with the purple ink,
Be careful he knows more than you think.*

CHARLES WELLS, "Charlie"

Crane Junior High School, Class Day Speaker, Debating Club, Senior Play, Junior Prom Committee, Play Committee.

*Charles is a student and an actor too,
But Charles, the cent you owe is due.*

PAUL WOOD

Maplewood Grammar School, Bridgeport, Connecticut, Tucker Junior High School, Glee Club.

*Paul matches pennies very well,
Be careful, we know, so we can tell.*

Class Day---Central

Address to the Athletes

(Enter from opposite ends of stage, collide, and newspaper is dropped in collision. Both stoop to pick up paper. Mutual recognition.)

Pat: Hello, *Vic.*

Vic: Hello, *Pat.*

Pat: How are you anyhow? I haven't seen you in five,—no six years.

Vic: Nor I, you. How are things with you? O. K.?

Pat: Great.—Say you're just in time. Let's visit the new high school.

Vic: The new high school—that's a great idea. Let's look it over and see if it's anything like the relic we graduated from.

(Picks up paper)

Say, look at this article.

Pat: What's that?

Vic: (reading)

Big Bill Pomeroy Wins Ping Pong Tournament

Big Bill Pomeroy startles the world by defeating Sneezy Smith in a hard fought battle despite the fact that Sneezy Smith has but one leg. This places Pomeroy at the head of the Ping Pong World. Long may he win!

Pat: Pomeroy, Pomeroy. Where have I heard that name before?

Vic: It does seem familiar.

Pat: Oh, I know! He graduated with us at P. H. S. back in '28. Why he was one of the best football players Pittsfield High School ever turned out. When he graduated he had twelve letters.

Vic: Twelve?

Pat: Yes, twelve.

Vic: Then he was foolish to graduate.

Pat: Why?

Vic: Well if he'd stayed there a couple more years he'd have had the whole alphabet.

Pat: Well, let's drag to the high school.

Vic: All right. Here's your paper.

(Goes to hand paper and lets it fall).

Pat (Picking up paper): Say, look at this!

Vic: Look at what?

Pat (reading):

Bill Pomeroy, Knute Rockne's Only Rival

Coach Pomeroy of Washington and Lee University turns out winning football team. Four of his players chosen for the All-American team. Promises to be greatest football coach in the history of the sporting world.

Vic: That sounds more like the Bill Pomeroy I knew. He always was a football man.

Pat: Yea, he didn't have the brains to play Ping Pong. I saw Lummus yesterday.

Vic: Who?

Pat: Lummus.

Vic: Lummus? Oh-h-h yes! The little short guy with the curly hair that one of the girls used to curl twice a week.

Pat: Yes, yes. That's he. Well, you know what he told me?

Vic: No, what?

Pat: Well, you know he always thought he was fast back in '28. He's still as fast as ever. He told me he was so fast that whenever he made up his mind to do something, he always did it, and at the same time he made up his mind to change his mind from what he made up his mind to do the first time, but by the time he changed his mind from what he made up his mind to do, he finds that what he made up his mind to do is done, so he has to change his mind from the state of a changed-mind back to that state of mind which he was in when he made up his mind to do what he intended to do in the first place.

Vic: He's fast and not afraid to say so. I'll never forget the day Shepardson—you know, he was on the football team—was strolling along casually with his peg-leg stride down North Street, smoking a pipe, when whom should he meet but Coach Carmody.

Pat: Hot, diggety dog! What did Coach say?

Vic: Oh, he called him about fifty-seven varieties of bonehead, nit-wit, etc. and threatened to kick him off the squad but, finally, after Shep explained the situation, Coach apologized and swallowed the afore-mentioned fifty-seven varieties.

Pat: How on earth did Shep get out of it?

Vic: Well, he explained that by smoking a pipe he kept all the people away and thereby got plenty of cold, fresh, air.

Pat: Speaking of Coach Carmody and his gentle disposition, reminds me of the time that Robinson was standing on the sidelines during football practice giving some of his excellent advice to the players—he was always giving advice—when the Coach, his ire getting the better of him yelled, "Robinson, C'm'ere!" Robinson successfully dodged the shoe that was hurled at him and hurried over. Coach burst out and said, "Who's coaching this squad, anyhow?" Robinson replied, "Why you are, Coach!" Then Coach said, "Then don't act like a conceited fool."

Vic: Do you happen to have a cigar on you?

Pat: No. I just gave the last one I had to MacIntosh.

Vic: Did you fall for that? Same old stuff. Same old MacIntosh.

Pat: Why? Is he still as tight as ever?

Vic: No, tighter. His favorite stunt is to borrow a cigar, smoke it, chew the stub, and use the ashes for snuff.

Pat: I see Johnnie Curtis is getting a way up in the world now.

Vic: Is that so? How?

Pat: Why he's pole-vaulting in the Olympics. Say! How's his old side-kick, Steve Wolfe?

Vic: Oh, he's still kicking around. Since he's been recommending Lucky Strike cigarettes as an aid to athletes, he can make a mile in a minute and a half.

Pat: What! A mile in a minute and a half?

Vic: Yes. He's bought an antiquated Ford. Well, you know, Pat, the class of '28 certainly did turn out a good bunch of athletes.

Pat: I'll say so. Their places have never been as successfully filled since then, and we graduated a good many years ago.

Vic: In every sport—the class of '28 played its part in raising the standard of interscholastic athletics, and bringing fame to that venerable institution, Pittsfield High School.

Pat: Let's see. There were Bill Pomeroy, and Charlie Robinson—

Vic: And Lummock.

Pat: Who?

Vic: Lummock, the curly-headed guy we were just talking about.

Pat: Oh, yes, Fred Lummus.

Vic: That's who I mean.

Pat: And Warren Shepardson, and Bob Wagner, and Steve Wolfe,—

Vic: And Harry Volin, and John Curtis,—

Pat: And Don MacIntosh and Bill Bedford.

Vic: Those were the good old days.

Pat: I'll say so. Well, it's getting late. Let's go and pay our respects to the faculty.

Vic: Respects? Who's there that we know now?

Pat: Why, Mrs. Bennett.

Vic: Mrs. Bennett! Let's go. (*Exit*)

Homer Patnode '28
Victor Ouellette '28

Address to the Senior B's

J AM here today, to tell you undergraduates along what lines you should base your conduct in this crumbling specimen of mid-victorian architecture. Kipling says: "The younger generation does not want instruction, being perfectly willing to instruct if anyone will listen to it." Then why am I here, if no one wants to listen? I am here because I am willing to instruct and have found one audience which cannot easily escape that instruction.

First of all I must speak to the Senior B's. Theirs is a stage through which we must all travel in order to reach this platform and sit here with our fellow noteworthyes. It is a stage full of temptation and pitfalls. A stage of indecision, with the question of whether to continue with school or enter vocational fields before every mind. As Miss Casey will read to you some day from the "Atlantic Monthly," "the man or woman who leaves school cannot hope to be earning more than thirty-five dollars a week at the end of ten years unless he becomes a boot-legger." Do not leave school for soon you must leave it anyway.

It has been our extreme pleasure, first as Junior A's and then as Senior A's, to find that our junior Seniors were such loyal supporters of our many activities. Special meetings were held by them for the purpose of stimulating interest in our Junior Prom, whose financial outcome was at first viewed rather dubiously.

They cooperated with us by making posters and by buying a large portion of the tickets. Ours was a small, poor class and gladly welcomed their unsolicited aid. Although it was in a slightly different way, that same class ably supported our Senior Play.

I am sure that in thanking you from the bottom of my heart for the support which we have received at your hands, Senior B's, I am only echoing the feeling that is in all our hearts. We can find little wrong with you. What faults might be easily criticised might be just as easily passed over. Do not, however, become conceited in this new-found goodness, but ever strive to make it better, and, when you graduate, carry it with you to college.

Children of the lower grades, before you and amongst you today, you have two fine examples to follow and live up to. First, we ourselves, an example of beauty and genius. No class can equal ours in beauty; no class can hope to cope with the powers of our intellectual and athletic grants. Thruout the many paths of life you will meet us wearing the emblem of the last class to graduate from this fire trap with a thoroughly original design on its rings.

The second example to follow is that of our brother Seniors, whose smiling faces and glistening noses we shall always remember, not because of the light they reflected but because of the light they emitted. Never was such a brilliant class supported by such an unselfish, lovable group of fellows. It will be well for you children to incorporate into yourselves the good qualities exemplified by these two groups of model students.

Robert Wagner

Class Prophecy

 N the eve of February 25, 1940 the spectator stands in the lobby of the Ambassador, one of New York's largest hotels now efficiently managed by Bob Wagner. As the increasing throng of diners makes its way toward the grill room, the Spectator spies a figure which has participated in many a football game for Pittsfield High. Upon closer observation he discovers that it is none other than Bill Pomeroy, who is now the successful football mentor at Smith Bros' Academy and who is in New York to attend the annual football officials' convention. This convention has as its chairman, Charlie Robinson, another former Pittsfield High star. Bill is contemplating a rather dull evening when suddenly he is startled by being seized by two collegiately dressed young men who shake his hand vigorously. Then the three dance back and forth, shouting with glee. The Spectator learns, however, that Bill is quite sane but has just met his two old chums, Fred Lummus and Gene Condron. These two now well known salesmen are in New York for a few weeks' stay. It is said that they are implicated in crooked business dealings, as they sell pretzels.

The three go toward the grill room, the Spectator following as closely as possible. Checking their hats and coats, they notice that the two smiling coat room girls are Doris Cullen and Anne Jepperson.

In the dining room they are escorted to their table by the head waiter, Howard Brace. During the course of dinner, which is very coarse indeed, they are entertained by two of the world's foremost violinists, none other than the

"Kin" Brothers,—Frumkin and Simkin. Later an exhibition of the Russian waltz is given by two of Broadway's highlights, Sumner Gamwell and Marcha Hicken.

During the course of the meal the Spectator, by eavesdropping, learns much of the February class of 1928.

Homer Patnode, former editor of the joke department of "The Student's Pen," is now editor of a humorous magazine called "The Raindrop"; in other words it is all wet.

Howard Foote, a professor of chemistry, now working for the United States Department of Chemical Warfare, has invented a new explosive called "Foote Powder."

Harry Volin, who once played great baseball for P. H. S., is now occupying left field for Czecho-Slovakia in the League of Nations. Harry always was a diplomat.

Don MacIntosh is now a barber; and, as his name implies, he believes in giving a "close" shave.

Laura Durkee, who was in the class play, became so interested in her work as a school teacher that she is now on the faculty at P. H. S.

Paul Wood, who always believed in Horace Greeley's inspiring words, "Go west, young man, go west," is now a prosperous prominent, progressive farmer in West—Pittsfield.

Through the influence of Charles Wells, a famous orator, Pittsfield in the near future may acquire its new high school. However, it has used up so much of his energy and vocabulary that the doctors fear that Wells will ever remain speechless.

Alberti and Parslow are now undertakers and embalmers. They find the business rather "dead" but manage to make a "living". Gil Lawson is now a conductor on the Berkshire Street Railway. He makes a "fare" living.

Jack Finn, a well known horticulturist, is now a multi-millionaire. He made his money by crossing a milk-weed with a strawberry plant, the by-product being strawberries and cream.

"Eddie" Jacobson, a very prosperous manufacturer and president of the Jacobson's glue factory for many years, is not a bit stuck up, but still the same old Eddie.

Marjorie Keene is now proprietress of a gown shoppe whose motto is "Keene's Klassy Kut Klothes for Kollege Ko-eds."

Honorable Judge Warren Shepardson presided at the trial of Edward Hunt, who was brought into court by the humane society of which Anna Monks is president. Miss Monks stated that for three weeks Hunt neglected to water the fish on his license plates. The jury of which Dorothy McGee, Germaine Douilet, Mary Reed and Lillian Cowlin were members, acquitted Hunt, as he was a former classmate. Wolfe and Minotti, well known lawyers, pleaded desperately for conviction.

Geraldine Lear, Beatrice Vary, Catherine Connally and Alberta Pierce, who, on Friday mornings, used to lend their charming voices to the Glee Club—that club which made study in rooms surrounding the auditorium impossible because

of the many discords and weird noises which issued forth—are now with the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Ev Ayer has established a flying field on the Allen tract and takes people up for their health—and money. Ev's motto is "Take to the Air with Ayer". His chief mechanics are Joe Actor and Fran Blache.

Bill Bedford, driver of the immense hook-and-ladder truck, Number 999 $\frac{3}{4}$ is one of Pittsfield's daring fire and smoke eaters. Bill always had a great appetite. Al Barris, strange as it may seem, is chief of this department; and under his command this company gives speed, service and satisfaction.

Phyllis Lundy, who has contributed many articles to "The Student's Pen", has written a book on time, called "Big Ben".

As the three men finish dinner, they depart from the grill room followed by the Spectator, who by this time has become so absorbed that he feels that he must lose nothing of their interesting conversation.

Proceeding down Broadway admiring the many wonderful signs, the three see something of interest. The largest and most spectacular of the signs bears the names of John Curtis and Yadivka Bacykowski, two Paramount stars, whose appearance has packed the Riepert Theater for several weeks. They were a handsome couple in the senior play.

Going to the curb, followed by the Spectator, they hail a taxi, which promptly draws up. As the driver turns to open the door, they notice that he is Walt Anderson. They ask him to drive them to a snappy night club; but he informs them that he will drive them to a cafe owned by a former P. H. S. student.

A few blocks farther down the Avenue the cab drives up to a gas station. The attendant, Howard Evans, happy to see some of his former classmates, gives them a cheerful greeting and five gallons of gasoline free of charge; but his fee for transferring it from one tank to another is one dollar. Leaving the gas station, the group makes its way to Craik's Night Cafe. The door attendant is Sam Garbowitz, who is garbed in a slick uniform. They are glad to see that Sam is no longer an addict to that abominable habit of cigarette smoking, having been cured at Casey and Kushi's hospital in 1936. The two owners of this hospital, after graduating from the House of Mercy, established a sanitarium which is one of the best in the country. Knowing that this night club is run by a classmate the young men endeavor to get in without paying their fees to the cashier, Evelyn Duprey. Doorman Garbowitz, however, will not stand for such an atrocity. Seeing two policemen across the street, he calls to them and officers Sam Nelson and Simon Lipschitz take charge of the affair. Presently, finding that they are no match for the trio, they send in a riot call which brings the patrol and several officers to the scene. The sergeant proves to be Doug Ringey. After being convinced that the young men have tried to gain admittance to the cafe without paying, he bundles them into the patrol and after a short ride they arrive at the police station.

The next morning the lawbreakers are taken into court, to find Judge Henry Klinke presiding. The young men are defended by two women lawyers, namely Grace Quirk and Margaret Haggerty, and prosecuted by Doris Palmer and Bettie Patterson. The case is not concluded, as the opposing lawyers start

pulling hair; and the prisoners are let go so that they may not become implicated in the combat.

Going to Jacob Kaplan's restaurant, they enjoy a wonderful repast prepared by two famous dietitians, Mary Musgrove and Dorothy Griffen. Seated at the adjoining table are Sonia Halperin and Claire Stanton, two critics, discussing a book written by Marjorie Read. At this point Pomeroy bids a sad farewell to his classmates and goes to attend the convention.

Condron and Lummus, having nothing to do, as usual, spend the day roaming around the city. Having tickets for the fifteenth Dempsey-Tunney fight, which is to be staged at the Yankee Stadium, they start for their destination. After being escorted to their seats which are just in back of the reporters and men from the broadcasting stations, they find out that the world's foremost radio announcer Victor Ouellette and Janice Royce, are giving a blow for blow account of this bout. Condron and Lummus also make the acquaintance of an old high school-classmate, Elizabeth Smith and her assistant, Louise Millet, star reporters for the "Peruvian Century." After the fight is won by Dempsey, as it is his turn, the two go back to their hotel, no longer followed by the Spectator as he has gained complete information about the famous class of February, 1928.

*Bill Pomeroy
John Condron
Fred Lummus*

History of the Class of January, 1928

ONCE upon a time there entered the hallowed halls of an ancient building—now in ruins—called Pittsfield High School, a very beautiful and innocent group of children from the various junior high schools of the city of Pittsfield. Now these youngsters were wholly unversed in the wiles and meanwhiles of the upperclassmen of P. H. S., so of course they were the butt of many practical, and even more, unpractical, jokes. Well, the children entered a colossal doorway—now let me see, I believe they called it the main entrance—and somehow or other found their way to what was called the auditorium—an architect's paradise, I can assure you. They took seats all over the place, and waited for something to happen. Soon their fondest dreams came true—the principal, Mr. Strout, of whom they had heard much, made his bow upon the stage. He distributed dime novels entitled "The Student's Guide"—which, by the way, didn't contain a single murder—and proceeded to enlarge upon what was already in print.

"Always mind your teachers," said he, "and your business will take care of itself."

A famous orator by the name of Carmody also addressed the group.

Well, these children were escorted to the third story of this edifice, and there took up their bed and board. The first week was one of misery for the poor babes. Their schoolmates followed the precedent set by their ancestors, and sent the mothers' darlings all over the building in search of plane figures and Caesar's Ghost, which was said to be in the closet of the biology room. Day succeeded day, and soon the young people became used to the customs of their

school, and were only slightly shocked when a mob of upper classmen bore down upon them on St. Patrick's Day and relieved them of all things orange.

Then one day an austere body called the School Committee visited the school, and great were the lamentations when it was discovered that the committee was there to find out if a new building was needed to house the students. But the committee decided in the negative, and there was such rejoicing in the school that the next day the lunchroom served beef stew.

The students finished the Sophomore year by moving to the first floor, and by the time they became Juniors, they were learning fast the habits of P. H. S. They began their Junior year by electing William Pomeroy, president; Robert Wagner, vice-president; Beatrice Vary, secretary; while Everett Ayer was to try to collect the money. Miss Sayles was chosen as fairy god-mother, but the first half of this year, Miss Sayles took it upon herself to get married, and left, so a fairy god-father was chosen this time, Mr. Rudman, who was already married and didn't dare leave. John Curtis was later elected to gather in the funds. Fortunate for the class that it had chosen a pilot so full of pep and vim as Mr. Rudman, for one of his type was needed to put over that classical event, the Junior Prom. It was a gorgeous affair, and everyone was there, even Cinderella, who, sad to say, had to leave at midnight.

Finally the class reached the dignified age; they became Seniors, and again elected officers, who were William Pomeroy, president; Warren Shepardson, vice-president; Beatrice Vary, secretary; and John Curtis, treasurer. During this year two battles royal were waged: the first, over the class ring; the second, over whether a dance or a play should be given. No lives were lost in the battle over the ring, but many were wounded. Eventually—everything happens eventually—one was chosen from the two thousand five hundred displayed, and everyone was more or less satisfied. But the other war was not to be so easily taken care of. Meeting after meeting was held, and no definite decision was made. Much was said and little done. Upon the twenty-ninth ballot a play was at last chosen, so a play it was to be. There were only five weeks before it would have to be given so there was some tall hustling. A committee to select a play was named, and after a week of much debate, "The Charm School" was selected. The play must be ready in four weeks. Tryouts were held, characters assigned, rehearsals begun. Mrs. G. Guy Jeter was the coach, and she without doubt made the play the success that it was. It was given in the open-air arena, before practically everyone in the city and many from distant places. It was the epic of the age, and upon the tombstones of those who took part or otherwise aided in the production, may be found the following inscription:

"Here lies So-and-So. He participated in 'The Charm School.' "

Nothing further need be said.

Another important event of this year was the painting of the walls in the school building. All the teachers and students agreed it was a needless expenditure of money, but the city had to do something with its funds, so no one made much complaint.

Finally the time arrived for the class to leave the School. Sorrow was mixed with joy, for many happy days had been spent there, despite the hardships

undergone in United States History and Edmund Burke. But the day of parting arrived, and a grand farewell celebration was staged in the arena, when the graduating class was garbed in shrouds of gray. Autograph books were passed about, in which everyone's friends jotted down mem'ries; and so the students went home, shed a few tears, read their autographs, and lived happily ever after.

Phyllis Lundy

Address to the Faculty

TEACHERS, friends, we have come to say "Goodbye". Henceforth, our ways shall lie apart. The friendships and the contacts that we have formed with you must be broken, and these halls shall know us no more. In a few hours, we shall be but memories, players, who have strutted our little hour upon the stage and passed on.

This is not a pleasant time. Parting never is. One cannot uproot the affections and associations of three years without a pang. It is not human to do so.

You have helped us wonderfully along the path of life. You have taught us that we are men and women and that on our shoulders, rest certain duties and responsibilities. You have taught us not to shirk, to be strong men and strong women, to bear our responsibilities and not to sidestep them. But it is not now that your work is appreciated by us most. It is in ten years, in twenty years, in thirty years, that we shall reap in character and ability, what you have sown with patience and with diligence.

We do not ask, we cannot expect, to remain supreme in your affections. We must go and others must take our places. It is the law of life and we do not complain. But this we do ask, that somewhere—it does not have to be to a great degree—somewhere in your consciousness, you will keep the memory of our class fresh and green.

Before the war, there was a popular song "The Beautiful Story is Ended, the Wonderful Romance is Done." Now, our beautiful story is ended, our wonderful romance is done. We have fought the fight, we have run the race and now we are at the goal. As we look back, we see many ways in which we could have helped you more. Perhaps, we have failed, as a class, in showing little courtesies to you, perhaps we have not cooperated as we might have, perhaps we have not exhibited, in the highest degree, those qualities of school citizenship and of scholarship that make a school a real place of learning. But we hope that time may dim these shortcomings in your memory.

Next Wednesday night, the last period of the last sentence on the last page in the history of the February class of 1928, will be eternally written for,

"The moving finger writes,
And having writ, moves on;
Nor all our piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line;
Nor all our tears, blot out a word of it."

Charles Wells

Statistics February Class of 1928

Central

<i>Prettiest Girl,</i>	Marjorie Keene	<i>Class Artist,</i>	Robert Wagner
<i>Handsomest Boy,</i>	John Curtis	<i>Class Poet,</i>	Mary Read
<i>Cleverest Girl,</i>	Beatrice Vary	<i>Best Natured Girl,</i>	Doris Cullen
<i>Cleverest Boy,</i>	Robert Wagner	<i>Best Natured Boy,</i>	Victor Minotti
<i>Cutest Girl,</i>	Marcha Hicken	<i>Most Popular Girls,</i>	
<i>Cutest Boy,</i>	Donald MacIntosh	<i>Marjorie Keene and Beatrice Vary</i>	
<i>Class Fashion Plate,</i>	Phyllis Lundy	<i>Most Popular Boy,</i>	William Pomeroy
<i>Class Sheik,</i>	Sumner Gamwell	<i>Class Baby,</i>	Charles Wells
<i>Class Pest,</i>	Edward Hunt	<i>Class Pet,</i>	Donald MacIntosh
<i>Class Clowns,</i>	Frederick Lummus and Gene Condron	<i>Class Giggler,</i>	Dorothy McGee
	Evelyn Duprey	<i>Class Prima Donna,</i>	Yadvika Baczkowski
<i>Shortest Girl,</i>	Samuel Garbowitz	<i>Class Orator,</i>	Charles Wells
<i>Shortest Boy,</i>	Janice Royce	<i>Class Athlete,</i>	William Pomeroy
<i>Tallest Girl,</i>	Gene Condron	<i>Class Sage,</i>	Albert Barris
<i>Tallest Boy,</i>	Anna Monks	<i>Wittiest Girl,</i>	Phyllis Lundy
<i>Quietest Girl,</i>	Walter Anderson	<i>Wittiest Boy,</i>	Homer Patnode
<i>Quietest Boy,</i>	Janice Royce	<i>Most Carefree Girl,</i>	Doris Palmer
<i>Best All Around Girl,</i>	Charles Robinson	<i>Most Carefree Boy,</i>	John Finn
<i>Best All Around Boy,</i>	Paul Wood	<i>Most Business-like Girl,</i>	Geraldine Lear
<i>Class Bluff,</i>	Lazarus Frumkin	<i>Most Business-like Boy,</i>	John Curtis
<i>Class Musician,</i>		<i>Model Girl Student,</i>	Grace Quirk
		<i>Model Boy Student,</i>	Howard Foote

Commercial

<i>Class Fashion Plate</i>	Lillian Freedman	<i>Most Carefree Girl</i>	Dorothy Philbin
<i>Class Musician</i>	Bessie Shusterman	<i>Most Carefree Boy</i>	Samuel Ruberto
<i>Class Athlete</i>	James McCarty	<i>Best Girl Dancer</i>	Margaret Murphy
<i>Prettiest Girl</i>	Margaret Quinn	<i>Shortest Girl</i>	Adele Austin
<i>Handsomest Boy</i>	Anthony Sottile	<i>Most Popular Girl</i>	Hazel Andrews
<i>Cleverest Girl</i>	Alberta Kilian	<i>Most Popular Boy</i>	Anthony Sottile
<i>Cleverest Boy</i>	Francis Quirico	<i>Most Businesslike Girl</i>	Mary Victor
<i>Cutest Girl</i>	Florence Bruce	<i>Tallest Girl</i>	Gertrude Nagelschmidt
<i>Quietest Girl</i>	Catherine Booth	<i>Tallest Boy</i>	Zygmund Bugnacki
<i>Quietest Boy</i>	Zygmund Bugnacki	<i>Model Girl Student</i>	Alberta Kilian
<i>Noisiest Girl</i>	Dorothy Philbin	<i>Model Boy Student</i>	Francis Quirico
<i>Noisiest Boy</i>	Paul Rodgers	<i>Class Poet</i>	Hazel Andrews
<i>Wittiest Girl</i>	Helen Kaplan	<i>Class Jester</i>	Anthony Sottile
<i>Wittiest Boy</i>	Anthony Sottile	<i>Modest Girl</i>	Caroline Tamburello
<i>Best All Around Girl</i>	Hazel Andrews	<i>Most Studious Girl</i>	Mildred Merriam
<i>Best All Around Boy</i>	Samuel Levine	<i>Prettiest Hair</i>	Mable Schauble
<i>Best Natured Girl</i>	Isabel Green	<i>Nicest Disposition</i>	Catherine Knox
<i>Best Natured Boy</i>	Samuel Levine	<i>Most Distinguished Girl</i>	Ethel Vincent



Class Will

KNOW all men by their presence—that we, the February class of 1928, of the High School, City of Pittsfield, in the County of Berkshire, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make and declare this, our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

Item—To the Senior B's the privilege of enjoying the newly renovated, battle scarred seats of the Lecture Room.

Item—To the Senior B's the privilege of having in their midst certain talented 4 year students.

Item—To the rest of the hoi polloi (as Dr. Russell would say) we leave the privilege of watching the rise of the now mythical edifice of learning.

Item—To the aforementioned mob we leave the privilege of studying the required six hours per day in order that they may attain more perfect marks.

Item—To the twice mentioned class we leave the privilege of continuing the decoration of the ornamentation of newly whitewashed, creosoted walls which were erected by our forefathers. (Oh! so long ago!)

Item—We leave to Mr. Goodwin a large plot of ground on which he may sow seeds of knowledge, asparagus and horseradish in place of the 2 by 4 garden which he now tills with the zest of Caesar crossing the Alps.

Item—To Mrs. Bennett we leave the privilege of saying "The mills of the Gods grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small."

Item—We leave to Dr. Russell the formula wherein lies the secret of an inexhaustible supply of matches—"Buy a carton; eventually—why not now?"

Item—We leave Mr. Bulger the authority to call out that valiant organization, the C. M. T. C., which may arise in his interesting classes.

Item—To Mr. J. E. Brierly a Worcester-made window pole, whereby he may secure bigger and better ventilation for the certain individuals who hail from the wide open spaces where men are men, whose only fears are soap and water.

Item—To Miss Morse the privilege of having a handy man to run errands, hang maps, arrange flowers, and guard the museum which is the conglomeration contained in the overflowing compartments of her desk.

Item—We leave to all the Faculty our heartiest thanks for their endeavors to guide us on the "royal road to knowledge."

Item—Last but not least we leave to Mr. Rudman the most sincere thanks for his efforts in making this class worthy of mention in the annals of the school.

Item—We leave to some daring intellectual the feat of publishing the daily paper which is now known throughout the United States and the second floor corridor, namely the Springfield Daily Republican, formerly published by the most worthy and capable editors, Lummus and Condron.

Item—We leave to George Beebe, the Thespian of the Senior B's the task of successfully carrying on the work of Bob Wagner as editor of "The Student's Pen."

Item—We leave to some dapper sheik the pleasing task of amusing the fairer sex as has been most adequately performed by Charles Wells.

Item—We leave to Dave Dellert a season admittance slip which he may use on those rare occasions of tardiness.

Item—We leave to Wilson Dunham the enjoyment of extra afternoon sessions which have been graced by his presence in the past.

Item—We leave to Red Senger our best wishes for the success of the 1928 Football Team.

Item—We leave to Mr. Strout, the Faculty, and the janitorial force, the privilege of wiping the slate clean and starting the new term with tranquility, until another class may appear to command their services to such an extent as this unusual class has done.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the heretofore mentioned Class of 1928, for their Last Will and Testament in presence of us, who, at their request, and in their presence and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses hereto.

Signed:—

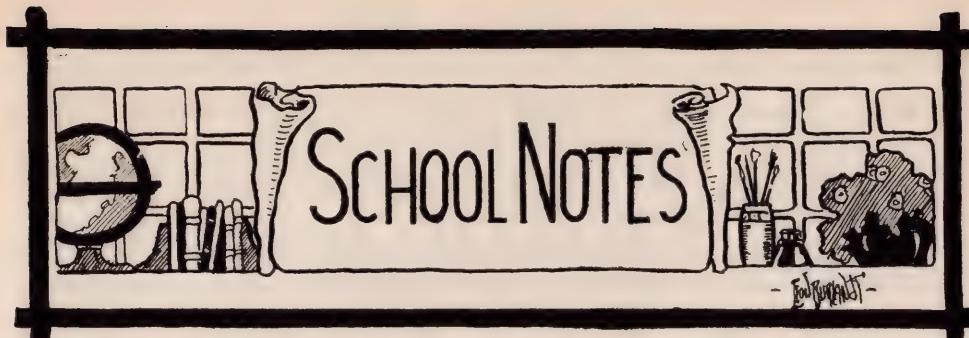
*Donald McIntosh
Albert Barris
Sumner Gamwell*

Class Song

The sun sinks low far in the west,
The time has come for us to say goodbye!
Its golden rays bid fond farewell,
And reflect hallowed hopes across the sky.
And now before the day is almost o'er
We say to you a last adieu;
We know that you will be forevermore,
A memory sweet and cherished too.
Ring our voices out to you,
Dear old P. H. S. so true.
We promise that whate'er we do
Shall strengthen you the more.

Gathered 'round thy halls of learning,
We are yearning for returning.
But the sun is fast retiring,
Drawing us away from thee.
But still we see a memory
That will remain thru joy and pain.
At last we know
Your own true worth, dear Pittsfield High.
Farewell to thee!

Phyllis Lundy



"The Charm School"

ONE of the most interesting class activities of the past semester was the Senior Play given on December 15th and 16th in the high school auditorium. The play was very well presented and showed a great deal of careful preparation on the part of the participants. Judging by the interest and responsive manner displayed by the audience the play was a decided success. Although there was not a full attendance on the first night of the production, on the second night every seat was occupied making the play very successful from the financial viewpoint also.

"The Charm School" is a play picturing life at a girls' boarding school. Everything progresses quite smoothly until a young automobile salesman and several college chums take the management of the school into their own hands. As the days pass this new arrangement proves very inefficient for lessons are continually neglected and movies and various other amusements become the regular routine. At this time one of the students runs away and causes considerable excitement among the faculty and pupils of the school. However, she is soon overtaken and brought back to the school. Matters are gradually untangled, the school is restored to its proper management, and the play ends happily for all.

It is almost impossible to give the players all the credit which is due them. Not only was their production exceedingly interesting, but it was equally as humorous. The humor of Charles Wells as Homer Johns and that of Victor Minotti and Donald MacIntosh as the Simpkins twins was especially noteworthy. John Curtis as Austin Bevans and Yadvika Baczkowski as Elise Benedotti made decided hits with the entire audience. Phyllis Lundy as the dean of the school and Laura Durkee as her secretary displayed some fine acting ability. Francis Quirico, who played the role of a law student and Stephen Wolfe who took the part of an accountant both gave fine characterizations of their respective parts. The roles of the students of the school were played by: Margaret Quinn, Lillian Freedman, Dorothy McGee, Germaine Douillet, and Helen Kaplan. All of these parts were skillfully rendered and added greatly to the success of the play.

The Senior A's also had the valuable assistance of Mrs. Guy Jeter who coached the play and whose helpful efforts contributed much to the success of the production. Considerable credit is due Mr. Rudman, the class advisor who assisted the class in many ways. Others who gave their services were Geraldine Lear, the stage manager and the assistant stage manager, Beatrice Vary.

Vera Victoreen

Class Day Program Tuesday, January 24th

Chairman	William Pomeroy
Class History	Phyllis Lundy
Address to Faculty	Charles Wells
Address to the Athletes	Homer Patnode, Victor Ouelette
Class Will	Donald MacIntosh, Sumner Gamwell, Albert Barris
Statistics	Laura Durkee
Prophecy and Sketch	William Pomeroy, Fred Lummus, John Condron
Address to the Senior B's	Robert Wagner
Class Song	Class
Gift to the School	William Pomeroy

COMMITTEES

Gift Committee—	Robert Wagner, John Curtis, William Pomeroy.
Class Statistics—	Laura Durkee, Mary Read, Janice Royce.
Cap and Gown Committee—	Beatrice Vary, Geraldine Lear.

Class Banquet Program

Wendell Hotel, Thursday, January 26th, at 7.00 o'clock

MENU

Fruit Cup	
Tomato Bisque	
Broiled Half Chicken	
French Fried Potatoes, String Beans	
Lettuce Salad with French Dressing	
Neopolitan Ice Cream	Petit Fours
Demi-tasse	

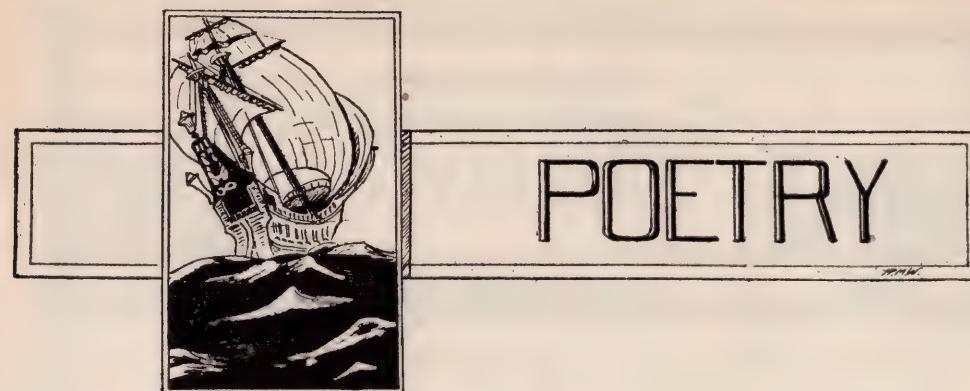
SPEAKERS

Toastmaster	John Curtis
Toast to Faculty	Henry Klinke
Our Advisor	Mr. Rudman
Remarks	Mr. Strout
Remarks	Dr. Gannon
Toast to the Athletes	Doris Cullen
School Songs	Class
Toast to the Girls	Robert Wagner
Toast to the Boys	Geraldine Lear
Class Song	Class

Dancing

Music by Merry Makers' Orchestra

The Banquet Committee was composed of Doris Cullen, Marjorie Keene, and Victor Minotti.



If I Should Write a Ballade - - -

They used to write their ballades about knights and ladies fair.
(By "they" I mean the poets who wrote ballades long ago.)
Sweet maids were innocent (they say) and all had golden hair.
The men were knaves and only made to heap up grief and woe;
(Except of course, the heroes who were good but rather slow).
Of gallantry and fashion and the courts of kings they told,
Of springtime, crimson roses, gentle breezes soft and low;
But the ballade that I'd like to write would be of pirates bold.

I wouldn't write of springtime, but of fiery, torrid air,—
The melting, glittering, brilliancy of summer's sultry glow.
My sky would be intensely blue, and comfortlessly bare.
My day would be the glaring day a pirate ought to know.
I'd have a ship with yellow sails, and oars beneath to row
When there weren't any breezes for the flashing sails to hold.
The sweat upon the bodies of the men would gleam. And oh,
But the ballade that I'd like to write would be of pirates bold.

On nights I'd like to write about, the moon would be the flare
Of a pale and ghastly flickering from a candle gleam below
The curtain of the huddling clouds, in forms grotesquely rare;
And from every corner of the world a sudden gust would blow,
And blow the candles out and the clouds together so
The world would be an endless gloom to hide the cheerful gold
That pirates take from earnest men who are their feeble foe.
For the ballade that I'd like to write would be of pirates bold.

You who despise the eager tales of restless men may know
A certain quiet pleasure, but you miss the cruel gold
That symbolizes pirate ways and days of long ago.
The ballade that I'd like to write would be of pirates bold.

Marion Bastow

Perhaps

There might be snows of dazzling brightness
Settling with a fairy lightness
O'er the world;
There might be trees of shining crystal
Etched against a sky of blue—
But, there are rather fields of brown,
Sear and bare thru Autumn grown;
And, trees that are both gaunt and dark,
Backed by clouds of leaden gray,
Yet somehow lovely, standing there,
Tall above the far flung fields.

There might be futures bright and brave
To face, thru mists of shining gold,
There might be lives of fun and joy
To look toward with expectant eyes,
But, rather, will there be a stretch
Of toil and care to face alone.
Perhaps a life of woe and weight
That must be borne as best one may,
But still, made lighter by a pleasant hour
Or by a sweetly smiling face
That proves our earth is still a pleasant place,
And that the darkest spot must have its ray of light

Dorothy Lamar '29

Ship of Dreams

Ship of dreams
In silvery hue,
Put about,
Heave to;
Sail again
Thru that sea
Where the whole world
Seemed to be
Like a golden month of June
When the whole world was in tune
And when all life was for me
Happy, joyous, and carefree.
Ship of dreams
So white—so blue,
Put about,
Heave to—
Ship of dreams.

Mary Read '28

A Prayer

Make me tall that I may be
Like Him whose eyes can see
Beyond the stars.

Noble of purpose, noble of thought
Hoping, trusting like Him that brought
Eternal peace.

Straight of stature, broad of mind,
Of noble deeds and purpose kind
All through the years.

Make me strong that I may dare
To face the stormy and the fair
That comes my way.

Make my blinded eyes to see
All the beauty wrought by Thee
In every land

That my ears may hear the call
Which will some day summon all
To rest.

Vera Victoreen

To a Stranger

Far, far away, long, long ago,
When even the ageless stars were new,
I saw and loved your face, I know;
And I believed you loved me, too:
Else how should I remember you
When you confronted me today,
Clad in convention's sombre gray?

Where are the pipes, the shaggy hoof,
The pointed ears attuned for song?
Why do you stand remote aloof,
When I have prayed for you so long?
For my heart says I am not wrong
It is your own dear face I see
Today, and you belong to me.

How can I make your calm eyes burn
With brave forgotten fire of old?
How can I make your smile return?
How can I make you wise and bold?
How can I make your soul unfold?
I can do it; just tell me how!
Surely, you cannot fail me now?

Helen Pfund

The Crown Jewels of a King

Diamonds, dazzling, glittering, sparkling,
Burning as stars hung in the sky;
Rubies, red as the blood of the monarch
Who proudly wore them in days gone by;
Amethysts, pools of royal purple,
Emeralds, sapphires—forming a ring
To blind the eyes of lowly mortals—
The crown jewels of a king!

Lying now on faded velvet,
Ah, what stories they could speak,
Tales of long-forgotten grandeur,
Tales of valiant men and weak;
Tales of hatred and revenge,
Of love, of death, of countless things,
If they could but divulge their mysteries—
The crown jewels of a king!

They saw the cloud of war and ruin
Hang low o'er the kingdoms of the earth,
Saw it break, saw Mars, the war-god,
Wreak disaster with awful mirth;
Saw the world in terror writhing,
And when at last peace-bells did ring,
Saw themselves outcast, forgotten—
The crown jewels of a king!

G. Mochrie





Class Day Program---Commercial

SCENE: Modern School Equipped like a Broadcasting Station.
Station "P. H. S."

Announcer	Hazel Andrews
"You May Think Your Senior A's are Acting Queer"	Chorus
Address to Faculty	Ethel Vincent
Address to Students	Francis Quirico
"School is Full of Ups and Downs"	Chorus
History of the Class	Florence Bruce
Class Statistics	Adele Austin
Dialogue, "Hash"	Margaret Quinn, Helen Kaplan
"If"	G. Nagleschmidt, I. Green
Senior Alphabet	Lillian Freedman
"Let a Smile Be Your Umbrella"	Chorus
Last Will and Testament	Margaret Quinn
Class Prophecy	Bessie Shusterman
"Father Time"	Chorus
Class Song	Class

Address to the Undergraduates

A WORD from the wise is sufficient. There is no one who will doubt that the class of February, 1928, is very wise. We ask you, the undergraduates, to show your wisdom by following any advice given you by this class.

The first point we wish to counsel you on is that of eagerness for graduation. At this moment, many of you are looking forward six months, a year, or two years to the time when you will be standing on this platform for the same exercises as we now are. The greater amount of joy in any event is the joy of anticipation. As all, or most, of the joy is placed in the anticipation, there is little left in the realization itself; so we ask you not to look forward to the completion of your high school course with a feeling of gaining freedom from drudgery. To know that your days at Pittsfield High School of Commerce are nearing an end is no joy what-so-ever. Do not think of it as such; rather hope that the term of your affiliations with the school be lengthened.

The goal of each class of you, undergraduates, should be to set a higher example than we have set. If it be possible to better this example of ours, remember that it must be done by a very exceptional class.

We wish to advise you that besides studying your lessons as faithfully as we have done, you must study your teachers. If this is done, no student will attempt to talk of prize-fighting to Mr. Murray, divorce and alimony to Miss Downs, or civics to Miss Enright.

When you become as experienced as we are, you will recognize the benefit and advantage of patronizing, free of charge, the knowledge of one teacher to answer the questions asked by another teacher.

Anything of ancient history or antiquated business methods can be found in the library of Room 10. For the modern you must look elsewhere. The en-

cyclopaedias and other volumes of this noted and priceless collection of books may be rather worn from the great amount of usage given them by this class. There is still plenty of information left in these books for according to Miss Downs, you can take as many facts from a book as you wish, and there are always enough left in it for subsequent readers.

To the boys of the Senior B class, we would say, "Whenever your fifth or sixth period studies are not prepared, 'accidentally' break a window during lunch hour. Instructions for replacing it may be obtained from any of the "Big Seven" of this class. Each and every member of this group may now be called an "expert glazier."

Our last bit of advice to you is to cooperate. In all of your class activities, you will best succeed with co-operation—co-operation of the kind that was ever present in our class. Try flavoring your work with a little "Stick-tu-i-tive-ness" and you are bound to succeed.

We fully realize the depths of the task we are placing upon you, undergraduates, but, where there is a will, there is a way; so this task also can be accomplished.

"You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part,
(For our ways are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going."

Francis Quirico

History of January Class '28

AT the beginning of the mid-year term of 1925, the great Institute of Learning known far and wide as the Pittsfield Commerical high school opened wide its portals to welcome the most brilliant and learned class that ever it had been its good fortune to start on the road to higher education. We fared very well the first day, making many friends, not mentioning the mistakes that we made. By the end of the opening day, the teachers had fixed in their minds the indelible fact that we were far above the average class and should, therefore, be given special attention. It was therefore decided to give us home rooms, two beautiful and spacious rooms on the top floor, where we were not only exclusive but also noisy. In fact, it has been said that, with the exception of the present Sophomore B Class, we were the noisiest class ever to occupy those rooms.

During our Sophomore B year, our numbers were greatly diminished, as many of the class had left. This did not daunt us, however, and we passed into our Sophomore A year with flying colors. Most of the class was transferred to Room 7 but a few remained in Room 10, due to lack of seats in Room 7. By

this time, we had become quite familiar with the dear old place and roamed from room to room without becoming lost. We decided that we were old enough to organize as a class, and so we did, electing the following officers: President, Margaret Murphy; Vice-President, Alberta Kilian; Secretary and Treasurer, Bessie Shusterman; Class Adviser, Miss Elsa P. Rieser. We also assessed ourselves a tax of fifteen cents a month. The rest of the term passed uneventfully and the first milestone of our high school journey was reached.

We entered our Junior B year and became quite noticeably studious and diligent due to the fact that we began to be more or less friendly with the Senior class. We re-organized, choosing as our officers the following: President, Hazel Andrews; Secretary and Treasurer, Esther Lightman; and Miss Rieser was unanimously re-elected our Class Adviser. We also increased our class tax to twenty-five cents a month. In the fall we began the last half of our Junior year and during December cooperated with our class at Central in giving a Prom which proved to be a great success, both socially and financially. During the Christmas season in keeping with the spirit of the occasion, we presented a play which was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

We had now reached the height of our ambition, we were at last Seniors. We had struggled hard to attain this goal and we brought to this new position a deep sense of dignity and responsibility. We elected our officers for the Senior B term. Hazel Andrews was re-elected Class President and Francis Quirico, Vice-President, Ethel Vincent was elected Secretary and Treasurer and Miss Alice E. Downs, our Class Adviser. We also selected a ring committee consisting of Hazel Andrews, Ethel Vincent, Florence Bruce, Alberta Kilian, Francis Quirico, and Anthony Sottile. They, and the class also showed good taste in the selection of a ring of simple but distinctive design. We elected the following for our officers during our Senior A term: President, Hazel Andrews; Vice-President, Francis Quirico; Secretary, Florence Bruce; Treasurer, Ethel Vincent; Class Advisor, Miss Alice E. Downs.

The question now arose as to whether we should hold a Hop or a Play but it was unanimously voted by both buildings to give a play. The one selected was "The Charm School." We felt very proud of the fact that so many from our building were given parts. The play, coached by Mrs. Guy Jeter, was given on December 15 and 16.

After a prolonged discussion we adopted the Cap and Gown for Graduation, the decision being based on economy and uniformity of appearance. We are the first class of Pittsfield High School to have a graduation of this type, but we feel sure that many of the future classes will see the desirability of such an arrangement.

We graduate on January 25, 1928, and on that day shall have ended our school days at Commercial. We will always have the most pleasant memories of it and we are happy to have been a part of its great organization. We sincerely wish the future classes of Pittsfield High School the best of success and every possible happiness.

Florence Bruce

Class Prophecy

At half past two, of a pleasant day in late April, in the year 1940, Miss Downs sat in a comfortable Morris chair, and gazed out of the veranda window at the welcome signs of spring. Suddenly—very suddenly, she was aroused by the voice of the maid, "A letter from Italy for you." "Whom can it be from?" thought Miss Downs. The letter read thus:

April 20, 1940

Ritz Carlton Hotel,
Venice, Italy.

Dear Miss Downs:

Beyond doubt you will be very much surprised to hear from us, your former pupils of '28, and to note that we are leisurely spending our time beneath Venetian skies. It may sound like a fairy tale, but truth is stranger than fiction and improbable things do happen. Bessie and I, in pursuance of a greater education, studied aeronautics. We spent three years at the Long Island Aviation School and at the end of that time Bessie accomplished a dangerous feat at an exhibit and was rewarded with a model aeroplane. I, on the other hand, had inherited a fortune from my uncle, a recluse in Australia whom I did not know. Now with abundant resources and a splendid plane, to travel was our ambition. And travel we did!

We were the "Ruth Elders" of 1935. Oh, how great were our planes! We were to collect curios; meet the Prince of Wales; kiss the Blarney Stone and on a whole, satisfy our longing to see the continent of Europe.

Everything went smoothly until we reached the center of the Mediterranean Sea. It was then that the mechanism of our extraordinary machine developed a knock. Before we could fully realize our serious predicament, the plane took a dive into the mysterious blue waters of the high seas. Ah, yes! a watery grave was to receive us. Far off in the distance a white speck appeared, and Bessie, who was self-controlled, frantically waved her white handkerchief eventually succeeding in attracting the attention of a man aboard the boat. We cannot tell about this incident in detail as it seems like a horrible nightmare. All of interest is that we were saved.

Who had so gallantly rescued us no one could guess, therefore I will not keep you in suspense. It was our tallest boy of '28, now an exceedingly prosperous business man, who was traveling in his luxurious yacht with Lillian Freedman as his private secretary.

Zygmund was kind to us. When we arrived at Madrid he took us to a magnificent hotel where we stayed for several days.

On the evening of our arrival we were ushered into a limousine and taken in the direction of the famous Ruberto Theater. The sight before us was certainly a gorgeous one. The place appeared to be just a huge radiant gleam of lights.

The program at the Ruberto Theater (dear me, but that name was familiar) was all that could have been expected. The feature number was called "The

Dance of Long Ago." The agile and light-footed little dancer won much applause Bessie and I resolved to speak to her before leaving the theater. The little dancer so comely and elegant in demeanor, was none other than Margaret Murphy. She told us about herself; how she and Sam Ruberto both very much enamored of each other had eloped; how their parents had disapproved; how their small movie business had thrived so rapidly that they now owned the largest theater in Spain. Sam had changed considerably. He was now a very wise man and a distinguished figure in politics. We really believe that our Civics class tended to aid him in that direction.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruberto cordially invited us to dine with them at their residence the following evening and we accepted the invitation. As we entered the hall the first thing that impressed us was the long table laden with roses and silver. At the banquet we met numerous officials and important personages. Florence Bruce was here, an eminent philosopher, with a serious outlook on everything. Times had changed and so had our flapper—once such a frivolous little miss. Among the guests was Caroline Tamburello with her husband, an Italian duke, tall, handsome and very dashing. Dorothy Philbin, who was a forest ranger, and had received a seven days' leave of absence was also here; she told us that James McCarty had started a private school which was known as the "McCarty Outdoor School of Athletics"; that Adele Austin had become the most famous mountain climber in Europe; and that Mable Schauble was a designer of hats.

Before we knew it the antique grandfather's clock in the corner of the spacious room, struck twelve, and we departed with many farewells and good wishes.

At Florence, Italy, we took a stroll about the King's castle. While we gazed at the royal, ancient structure, a young man, tall, broad shouldered, and bronzed by contact with the sun and wind walked toward us. The man was Paul Rodgers, who, inspired by Italian literature, had come to Italy to write poetry and now was the Poet Laureate. Through him we learned of Mary Victor; that she, with her business intuition, had organized a toy balloon factory; how she was disheartened by the remarks of various friends; and how her sticktuitiveness had won out in the end.

Well, Miss Downs, what do you think of this? We came upon Isabel Green in Scotland and she was the supervisor of a noted Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital. She looked just about the same, except for her long hair. As a matter of fact, she even tipped the scales at the same figures.

We chatted for hours and it seemed like minutes only. We heard that Catherine Booth and Catherine Knox had opened a sweet shoppe in New York, and we have every intention of looking them up when we return.

Paris had its revelations for us, we shall never forget that decidedly cute little dress shop, with Persian carpets and quaint mirrors. On the outer window, in magnificent script, were the words, "Madame Quinn's Elite Shoppe." Yes! it actually did belong to Margaret Quinn, and with Ethel Vincent promenading about as mannequin, the place looked very ideal.

The next day we four discussed old times. Bessie and I told them of the whereabouts of many of our former classmates. They also told us that Sam

Levine was training bears at Yellowstone National Park; that Anthony Sottile was taking charge of an ostrich farm in Australia; that Alberta Kilian, our valedictorian, had become a newspaper critic; and that Mildred Merriam had become a ticket seller at the Roxy Theater in New York. The girls also disclosed to us the facts that Francis Quirico was Comptroller General of the United States Treasury; that Hazel Andrews had taken charge of a large gymnasium and was giving radio lectures on "How to put on weight." What a difference between 1928 and 1940! During previous time one always wanted to know how to obtain that slim boyish figure and now it was just visa versa. We also learned that Gertrude Nagelschmidt was giving demonstrations, in a drug store, on "How to become a brunette."

This really is the longest, newsiest letter we have written in ages and we hope it does not bore you.

With sincerest regards, we are,

Your pupils of '28,

Helen and Bessie.

Last Will and Testament

WE, the February class of 1928 of the Commercial Department of the High School of the City of Pittsfield, County of Berkshire, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, of the United States of America, being of supposedly sound mind, very poor memory, and large understanding, do make, publish, and declare the following as our Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at any time heretofore made.

To the Professors of the magnificent "Institution of Knowledge," located at the corner of Fenn and Second Streets we do bequeath, without regret, the following:—

1. To Miss Downs, our class adviser, the latest edition of "Famous Quotations from English Classics."

2. To Miss Enright, a pencil that she may answer the first call for one made by her Senior A shorthand class; also a time-test watch that she may use in her typewriting classes.

3. To Miss McSweeney, a tin box in which to keep the Senior A's money during class hours.

4. To Miss Mangan, a book of "Foreign Languages" that she may never be at a loss for conversation when traveling abroad.

5. To Miss Baker, an airplane that she will always be up-to-the minute in transportation.

6. To Miss Reiser, the exclusive right and usage of Room 5.

7. To Mr. Murray, a Civics Book entitled, "Now Let Me Ask You This Question."

8. To Mr. Nugent, the sum of \$1,010.05 with which to employ two regular Bank Trustees that the Senior A's will not be deprived of their recess and their study periods.

9. To Mr. Holly, a sign printed in attractive letters, "No two shall sit together in study period", also an efficient roll-call method to assist him in calling the roll in the study hall.

10. To Mr. Ford, with deepest heartfelt sympathy, a pad so that he may stamp instead of write his signature on the incoming Senior A's excuses.

We do also bequeath appropriate gifts to members of the Senior A Class of February 1928.

1. To Hazel Andrews, our class president, a mallet to call order in a class meeting.

2. To Dolly Austin, a bottle of "Growabit."

3. To Catherine Booth, a megaphone that she may be heard.

4. To Florence Bruce, a cake of Palmolive soap to retain "that schoolgirl complexion."

5. To Zygmund Bugnacki, a bottle of "Shrinkabit."

6. To Lillian Freedman, a book on the "Latest Bobs for Fashionable Ladies."

7. To Isabel Green, an article on "How to Eat and Grow Thin."

8. To Helen Kaplan, a stock of excuses that she may never be at a loss for one.

9. To Alberta Kilian, a candle that her future may always be bright.

10. To Catherine Knox, a pad and pencil that she may capture an inspiration for a story.

11. To "Sam" Levine, a portable garage in which to keep his beautiful car.

12. To "Jimmy" McCarty, a football with which to make a touchdown at the goal of success.

13. To Mildred Merriam, a Ford that when the trolley car stops running she may reach the city.

14. To Margaret Murphy, a marcel iron that she may marcel her hair.

15. To Gertrude Nagelsmith, combs to keep her wave in perfect order.

16. To Dot Philbin, a radio that she may broadcast her views of the subject.

17. To "Peggy" Quinn a blotter to "blot'er" troubles.

18. To Francis Quirico, a yeast cake that he may rise in the world.

19. To Paul Rodgers, a turnip so that he may "turn-up" and argument whenever he has the "benefit of the doubt."

20. To "Sam" Ruberto, a cabbage that he may get "ahead" in the world.

21. To Mable Schable, a pair of scissors to bob her tresses.

22. To "Betty" Shusterman, a package of hairpins that she may never be in need of any.

23. To Anthony Sottile, a package of gum that he may chew all his blues away.

24. To Caroline Tamburello, a hair net to keep her hair in place.

25. To Ethyle Vincent, a sign "Pay Your Tax" that she may save her voice.

26. To Mary Victor, a diary to remind her of her entrance into our Senior A Class.

To the Senior B's, we leave the honor of becoming dignified Senior A's and do hereby hope that they will prove their worthiness as we have; also we leave

them the honor of being as useless as we were in the bank, the office, and on the lunch counter.

In testimony whereof, we, the said Class of February 1928, have written our Last Will and Testament, bequeathing said articles to all heirs who have been connected with said class.

Signed this sixteenth day of January, in the Year of Our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight, in the presence of we, us, and ourselves, who declare this to be the one and only Last Will and Testament of the February Commercial Class of 1928.

Signed and sealed in the presence of us

*Lillian Freedman
Margaret Quinn*

Address to the Faculty

Members of the Faculty:

Perhaps no task is greater than for one to express thanks in mere words. You, who have so faithfully for three years straightened the path ahead and removed many obstacles from it, deserve more than our thanks.

It is true, knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. It is said teachers are the real builders of society and the makers of history. As builders, a tremendous responsibility is placed on the teaching profession—a responsibility not appreciated by students. If students were aware of this there would be, undoubtedly, a closer application to school work on their part.

The rooms at Commercial, we all admit, were dark and poorly constructed classrooms. However, as time went on we ceased to notice these defects, in fact, we had little time to think of them.

Once a student said in an address that never would the right spirit be shown until the faculty and students were in closer relationship; but I sincerely believe that the feeling which now exists between the faculty and this class can never be improved.

Many changes have been made in the faculty since this class entered and the one affecting it most was Miss O'Bryan's leaving in our Senior A term. She was a teacher and friend to us all and we shall never forget her. We sincerely hope that she will be successful in her new school and if this class may be a judge we know she will be.

It would require a long time to enumerate the many things the teachers have done for our benefit but the most recent was the formation of classes in business ethics by Mr. Ford. We appreciate this and it was just an example of the endeavors of the faculty to help us.

And so we leave, not only with thoughts of the past but with visions of a new High School in the future which you all deserve. We do not regret our time in the old Commercial School for perhaps in a larger building, when both schools have been joined, there will not be the understanding among all that pervaded at the present building.

In closing I wish to leave with you these lines dedicated to members of the teaching profession:

The real teacher is
Like an undaunted youth,
Afield in quest of truth,
Joying in the journey she is on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
For the roads run east,
And the roads run west
That her vagrant feet explore;
And she knows no haste,
And she knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest,
Than the mile she trod before.

Ethel Vincent

A B C D Senior Alphabet

A's for AMBITIOUS, describing us all,
B is for BRAINS in quantities small;
C is for CHILDREN, you hear teachers say,
D's for DIGNITY of all Senior A's.
E is for EXCELLENCE in all we do,
F is for FAILURES, indeed, very few;
G is for GENEROUS, GENIAL, and GRAVE,
H is for HUMOR and HELP that we gave;
I is for IDEAS and for IDEALS high,
J's for JUNIORS who unnoticed pass by.
K is for KNOWLEDGE we Seniors possess;
L is for LUNCH COUNTER during recess.
M is for MIRACLES we bring to pass;
N is for NOISE heard quite often in class.
O's for OBLIGING, OBEDIENT boys,
P's for POPULARITY, PEP, and POISE.
Q is for "QUALITY FIRST"—that's our rule!
R is for REPUTATION we've made in school.
S is for a STUDIOUS, SERIOUS class;
T is for TOILING on homework—that's passed!
U is for USE of us everyone makes,
V is for VALUE that's priceless and great.
W is for WORK that leads to Success,
X is for QUALITIES we can't express;
Y is for YEARS of our High School Days,
Z for ZEAL ends our tale of Senior A's.

Hazel Andrews

Who's Who

HAZEL ANDREWS

Rice Grammar School, Mercer Junior High, Posture Club, Home Room Officer, Junior Prom, Ring, Senior Play, Class Day, and Banquet Committees, Class President '26, '27, Pro Merito, Most Popular Girl, Best All Round Girl, Class Poet.

She's popular and full of fun.

ADELE AUSTIN

Tucker School, Tucker Junior High, Posture, and Glee Clubs, Shortest Girl, Class Statistics.

*Adele's an important Senior A
That's what all her classmates say.*

CATHERINE BOOTH

Plunkett Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Posture Club, Quietest Girl.
*They say we are a noisy class
But we have a quiet girl.*

FLORENCE BRUCE

Mercer Grammar School, Posture Club, Class Day Committee, Ring Committee, Class Secretary, Pro Merito, Cutest Girl.
*Florence Bruce is witty and cute
In her studies she's brilliant too.*

ZYGMOND BUGNACKI

Tucker Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, Tallest boy.
*He's tallest of our males
In class work he seldom fails.*

LILLIAN FREEDMAN

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, Bank Trustee, Posture Club, Prom Committee, Sunshine Committee, Home Room Officer, Class Day Committee, Senior Play, Class Fashion Plate.
Lillian's our Class Fashion Plate.

ISABEL GREEN

Tucker School, Posture Club, Junior Prom Committee, Home Room Officer, Class Day Committee, Best Natured Girl.
*There hailed from bonnie Scotland
A humorous witty lass.*

HELEN KAPLAN

Poughkeepsie Grammar School, Monticello High, Handwork, Posture Club, Glee Club, Junior Prom, Banquet, Cap and Gown, and Class Day Committees, Senior "A" Play, Wittiest Girl.

*She takes vacations now and then
Because she's tired of school again.*

ALBERTA KILIAN

Tucker Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Posture Club, Junior Prom, Ring Committees, Pro Merito, Valedictorian, Model Girl Student, Cleverest Girl.

She has reached the ladder of fame.

CATHERINE KNOX

Dawes Grammar and Junior High, Posture Club, Prom Committee, Nicest Disposition.
*Katherine is a quiet girl
With a disposition most sweet.*

SAMUEL LEVINE

Tucker Junior High, Debating Club, Bank Trustee, Basketball '26-'27, '27-'28. Football '27, Most Businesslike Boy, Best All-Round Boy.

*He's good natured and an athlete
Always bubbling over with joy.*

JAMES McCARTY

Tucker Grammar School, Tucker Junior High School, Debating Club, Junior Prom Committee, Football '27, Class Athlete, Home Room Officer.

*Funny motions and expressions,
Sayings that make us laugh hearty.*

GERTRUDE NAGELSCHMIDT

Bartlett Grammar School, Tucker Junior High, Glee Club, Student's Pen, Posture Clubs, Prom and Play Committees, President of Bank Trustees, Home Room Officer, Tallest Girl, Pro Merito.

*She gave our class assistance
For the Prom and Senior Play.*

MARGARET QUINN

Stearns Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Posture Club, Student's Pen Club, and Glee Club, Play Committee, Senior Play, Prom and Picture Committees, Prettiest Girl.

*Full of vigor and full of fun
Ready when there's work to be done.*

FRANCIS QUIRICO

Dawes School, Debating Club, Program Committee, Permanent Judge and Treasurer of Debating Club, Prom, Play, Ring, Banquet Committees, Senior Play, Home Room Officer Class Vice-president, Student's Council, Pro Merito, Graduation Speaker, Statistics.

As our class orator he's known.

SAMUEL EDWARD RUBERTO

Tucker Junior High School, Debating Club.

*That is his only rightful name,
Despite those by which he's acclaimed.*

BESSIE SHUSTERMAN

Tucker School, Posture and Glee Clubs, Bank Trustee, Home Room Officer, Pro Merito, Class Musician.

And she's most happy and carefree.

ANTHONY SOTTILE

Tucker School, Debating Club, Program Committee, Permanent Judge, Picture, Ring, and Junior Prom Committees, Home Room Officer, Handsomest Boy, Most Popular Boy, Wittiest Boy, Toast to the Girls.

They say he is an angel.

MABLE SCHAUBLE

Pomeroy Grammar School, Plunkett Junior High, Glee Club, Class Day Committee, Pro Merito, Home Room Officer, Prettiest Hair.

*Mable is both winsome and shy
She studies her lessons; we know why.*

CAROLINE TAMBURELLO

Tucker School, Junior Prom Committee, Home Room Officer, Most Modest Girl.

*There is a modest little lass,
Most sympathetic in our class.*

MARY VICTOR

Stearns Grammar School, Pomeroy Junior High, Posture Club, Junior Prom Committee, "Who's Who", Most Businesslike Girl.

*Our last comer was a Victor
But not only so in name.*

ETHEL VINCENT

Crane School, Ring Committee, Class Day Committee, Class Day speaker, Glee Club, Home Room Officer, Senior Treasurer, Toast to the Athletes, Most Distinguished Girl.

*Whenever we meet her
She's calling "Class Tax!"*

DOROTHY PHILBIN

Rice Grammar School, Mercer Junior High, Glee and Posture Clubs, Home Room Officer, Treasurer of Bank, Noisiest Girl.

*If she wasn't in our class
We don't know what we'd do.*

MILDRED MERRIAM

Pontoosuc Grammar School, Mercer Junior High, Posture Club, Prom Committee, Bank Trustee, Pro Merito, Statistics.

She's the girl you'll never forget.

PAUL RODGERS

Crane School, Debating Club, Publicity Committee, Junior Prom Committee, Student's Pen, Baseball '27, Noisiest Boy.

*You hear him all the while in class
Except when he recites.*

Night

The house is still, and everyone's asleep.
They have not seen, as I, the great moon rise.
At first, like a lantern glowing on the hill,
It winked at me with half-shut, sleepy eyes,
Then wandered up the evening sky until
It shone in calm, frank curiosity,
Lighting the world with mocking, silent light
(Though maybe it was laughing hard at me!) . . .
They have slept all through the quietness of night.
The stillness of the house echoes no knock
On the big door that welcomes friends at day—
Only the quiet ticking of a clock.

Elizabeth M. Seaver '29



THE 1927 FOOTBALL SQUAD



Football Echoes

FOR three years Pittsfield High has not lost a game to a high school team in Massachusetts. A fine record!

If mud massages really give one beauty, our football team should be a group of Apollos as each player received his share of the soggy substance.

The song entitled "On a Dew-Dew-Dewey Day" was published too soon to have its full meaning. It should read—"What Pittsfield High's Football Team Did on a Dew-Dew-Dewey Day."

Red Rengee was chosen Captain for 1928. Here's hoping he has the luck of the two previous captains, Bill Pomeroy and Ted Combs!

John Condron

Football

ALTHOUGH it is late, it is never too late to voice our opinion concerning the meritorious work of our praise-deserving football stars, who, through splendid work on the gridiron, succeeded in bringing to P. H. S. the championship of Berkshire County. The fact that St. Joseph's of Pittsfield, our light but valiant foe, was defeated by an overwhelming score and that Adams was also defeated is, without doubt, enough to warrant a great amount of praise.

On Thanksgiving Day, Pittsfield met St. Joseph's on the Common, where about 4000 enthusiastic fans witnessed a contest which was decisive for both teams. It was a typical Thanksgiving Day game, for the rain fell steadily causing the field to become extremely muddy. Nevertheless, despite the drenching they received, the fans staunchly refused to leave so interesting a contest. When they did leave however, it was with a happy heart because P. H. S. not only defeated St. Joseph's High by an overwhelming score of 31 to 0, but also for the third consecutive year were City Champions.

Basketball

P. H. S. Defeats Rosary High, 34--25

Pittsfield High decisively outplayed Rosary High of Holyoke at the Boys' Club gymnasium on January 7 and defeated the parochial school five, 34-25. P. H. S. found it easy to penetrate Rosary's defense and took advantage of this fact by repeatedly dribbling the length of the court to score. On the other hand Pittsfield High's defense was superb and the Holyoke boys had few chances to shoot baskets at close range.

John Condron

The First Three Starts

After beating the St. Charles' All Stars, 29 to 17, and the Berkshire Prep School of Sheffield, 23 to 12, Pittsfield High bowed to the fast Williams High team at Stockbridge, in an overtime period 15 to 14.

Pittsfield was handicapped with the poor playing surface, but the play was close throughout, Williams leading 6 to 5 at the end of the first half. The score zig-zagged back and forth, Pittsfield leading one minute and Williams the next, but when the regular playing time was completed the score stood 13 to 13. Cooney's tossing of two baskets in the overtime period brought victory to Williams. Martin and Bruno were high scorers for Pittsfield while W. Beaco and Cooney took the honors for Williams.

P. H. S. 22—Searles 13

For the next game the Pittsfield High team journeyed to Great Barrington where, after a slow start, they trounced Searles 22 to 13. In the first half, the boys from P. H. S. were unable to get going and at half time led only 7 to 5.

The second half was a different story, for Pittsfield outclassed Searles and showed the old fighting spirit that they lacked in the first part of the game. Searles was held to three floor goals during the entire game and these were made by Elsden, who was high scorer with nine points. "Flip" Bruno and Ed Brown were the leading point-getters for Pittsfield contributing eight points apiece.

George H. Beebe

P. H. S. 28—Adams 33

Pittsfield High met defeat at the hands of Adam's High in the initial league game of the year on the evening of January 4th. Our team was master of the situation during the entire first half and held the lead until the last few minutes of the third quarter when Adam's High, staging a rally, secured sufficient points to proclaim a victory. The game was hard fought throughout and both teams gave a wonderful exhibition of basketball.

Grant was high scorer for Adams getting seven floor goals for a total of fourteen points while Bruno was the chief point-getter for P. H. S., collecting ten points.

John Condron

J. Actor (pointing to tall building): "That is a skyscraper."

G. Lear: "Oh my, I'd love to see it work."

* * * *

Mr. Russell: "How can you tell a poisonous snake?"

S. Garbowitz: "By the bite."

* * * *

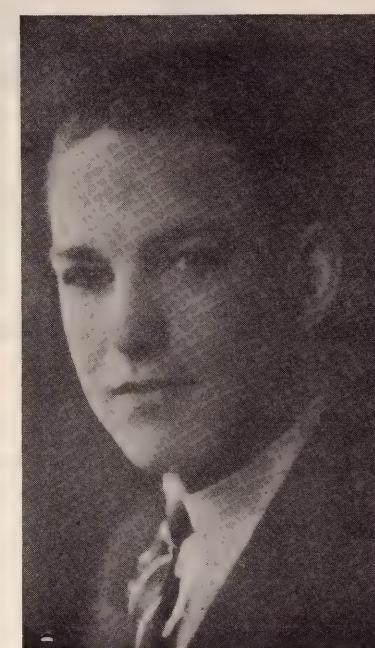
M. Keene: "Why doesn't he pick the ball up and run with it?"

H. Klinke: "Can't; it's dead."

M. Keene: "I don't wonder, the way they have been treating it."



GEORGE BEEBE
Editor-in-Chief, 1928



ROBT. WAGNER
Editor-in-Chief, 1927-1928

Our New Editor-in-Chief

DURING the coming semester, George Beebe, of the class of June 1928, will occupy the position as editor of the *Student's Pen*. During his high school course Mr. Beebe has been editor of several departments of the *Pen* and has proved himself to be a most conscientious worker. It is with a feeling of security that we place the *Pen* in his hands. We are sure that if the fine support which has been received from the staff during the past year is continued, he will be able to keep the *Pen* up to the standard it has so long held and will even try to raise that standard.

The Editor would like to thank each member of the staff individually for the splendid cooperation and support given him during the past semester, but as this is impossible, he wishes to take this opportunity for thanking them as a group for the fine, hard work and conscientious effort they have put forth.

The Editor



TYPEWRITERS were clicking at a rapid rate, telephones were constantly ringing, and clouds of tobacco smoke filled the office as the reporters and editors of the "Exchange" hurried to get out the extra edition of their paper.

The editor sat at his desk with a worried look on his face, for his five star reporters, whom he had sent out to check up on school magazines, had not yet returned. It was now after one o'clock and it was necessary that the paper be printed and distributed so that every breakfast table in the city could have a copy by seven o'clock.

Suddenly there was a clatter on the stairs that could be heard above the tumult of the office. The editor's face brightened up as Arnold Dallava and Samuel Geller burst into the office and rushed the material that they had collected to his desk. He had hardly finished looking over their reports when the telephone rang with the news that Sumner Dixon, in his mad rush for the office, had been arrested for speeding. The editor, explaining the circumstances to the chief, asked that Sumner be released at once. He had no more than put down the phone when George Kenyon came riding breathlessly in on a bicycle.

"Hurrah", cried the editor, "all the material in and now we can go to press—but where is Kirkland Sloper?" The worried look again crept over his face and after waiting for an hour more for his star reporter to show up he arose and shouted frantically, "Prepare the paper for press; we can not wait any longer for Kirk. This is the first time he has ever failed me." The words had no more than left his mouth when the roar of an aeroplane engine could be heard above the office. Everyone was startled and stood listening when—CRASH—something had fallen through the skylight. Everyone rushed to the spot to see Kirkland arising and brushing his clothes off. "Where is the editor," he asked. "Right here," exclaimed the editor, "did you check up on all the magazines I sent you for." "I did, I did," cried Kirk, "all except the *Lanesborough Tribune* and that paper isn't published any more." Then everyone of the staff snouted long and loud, "Three cheers for Kirkland Sloper, the new "Exchange" editor!"

EXTRA

THE EXCHANGE

EXTRA

Our Suggestions

The Argus, Gardner, Mass.—Your French essays are very novel but we believe that a special department for your poetry and also a more lengthy literary section would increase the value of your magazine.

The Bennett Beacon, Buffalo, N. Y.—Your Fall Number was an excellent issue. You have the best athletic department of any exchange that we receive, but you need more literary material to equalize your magazine.

The Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.—An all around good publication. The cover of your Christmas issue was unique and the reprints of the class of 1907 were indeed interesting.

The Catamount, Bennington, Vt.—Your book has every characteristic that goes to make up a good magazine. A fine assortment of clever, original matter.

The Weather Vane, Westfield, N. J.—A well balanced magazine with a fine literary department. Your poetry is of high standard and the foreign language department is an unique feature.

The Critic, Lynchburg, Va.—The Tourney Number contained the finest literary material of any school magazine that we have reviewed this year.

The Garnet and White, West Chester, Pa.—The general appearance of your publication is good and it contains some fine material. We think, however, that perhaps a little to much space is given to the Athletic Department.

The Oracle, Abington, Pa.—The quality of your material and the way it is presented makes your publication an extremely interesting one.

The Budget, Elizabeth, N. J.—A new exchange of high standard and one we hope to retain on our list for a long time to come.

The Shucis, Schenectady, N. Y.—You have an excellent magazine and should be proud of your literary department which is the outstanding feature.

The Cue, Albany, N. Y.—Your magazine has several fine departments. We especially enjoyed the alumni and editorial sections, but failed to find a single poem in your Christmas issue.

The following list of exchanges, due to their late arrival, will be reviewed in our next issue.

The Roman, Rome, Ga.

Murdock Murmurs, Winchendon, Mass.

Leith Magazine, Edinburgh, Scotland

The Noddler, East Boston, Mass.

The Drury Academe, North Adams, Mass.

The Scroll, Toledo, Ohio

The Slate, Fair Haven, Vt.

English High School Record, Boston

Nautilus, Waterville, Maine

Erasmian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Holton, Danvers, Mass.

Red and Black, Claremont, N. H.

The Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.

The Mill Wheel, Pittsfield, Mass.

George H. Beebe



18-1928

When Pittsfield was a little town,
A very little one,
When a horse and buggy were all the rage
And autos there were none,
When a trip across the Atlantic
Took many and many a day
And Uncle Tom's Cabin
Was considered a modern play,
When street cars were pulled by horses
And locomotives burned wood for fuel,
Why that is just about the time
Fred Lummus entered school.

J. Condron '28

* * * *

V. Ouelette: "I think there are visitors in Room 9."
C. Wells: "Why?"

V. Ouelette: "I just heard the class laugh at one of Mrs. Bennett's jokes."

* * * *

Has everyone heard Don MacIntosh sing that famous Scotch ditty? "Let the Rest of the World Go Buy."

* * * *

S. Wolfe: "Hey, d'ya know Ida?"
H. Simpkin: "Ida who?"
S. Wolfe: "I dunno."

* * * *

Miss Powers: "This story has a very interesting plot. Did you write it all yourself?"

J. Curtis: "Certainly."

Miss Powers: "I'm very glad to meet you Mr. O. Henry. I thought you had been dead for some time."

* * * *

L. Frumpkin (getting affectionate): "Whither away, pretty maid?"
E. Duprey: "Aw, wither up yourself, and see how you like it."

* * * *

Jacobson: "Klinke fell down a fifty-foot well."
J. Kaplan: "Did he kick the bucket?"

* * * *

P. Lundy: "Give me a quotation from the Bible."
D. McGee: "Judas went out and hanged himself."
P. Lundy: "And another."
D. McGee: "Go thou and do likewise."

I Wonder Who

G. Douellet: "He's a gay young buck."
D. Cullen: "Buck? He's not even two bits."

* * * *

H. Patnode: "I'm going to take B. Vary to the show tonight."
W. Anderson: "Which one?"

H. Patnode: "What difference does it make. One's just as dark as another."

* * * *

H. Foote: "I've been around with girls, and girls, and girls, and girls"—
W. Shepardson: "Where? On a merry-go-round?"

* * * *

R. Wagner: "Why do you girls powder your faces?"

M. Hicken: "To make ourselves pretty."

R. Wagner: "Then why doesn't it?"

* * * *

Maybe some day the sophomores can be convinced that Robin Hood was not Little Red Riding Hood's father.

* * * *

B. Bedford: "How long has Condron been studying at P. H. S.?"

C. Robinson: "Oh, about six weeks."

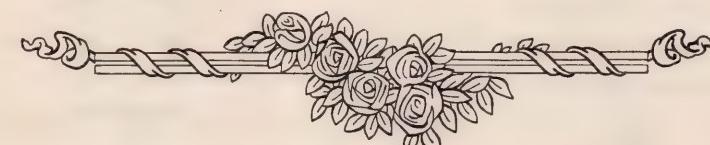
B. Bedford: "Six weeks? I thought he'd been there a long time."

C. Robinson: "He has been there about five, six, seven, or eight years. But as for studying—six weeks is the limit."

* * * *

E. Hunt: "I hope you enjoyed the evening with Jack Finn. He's awfully clever with cards."

V. Minotti: "Yeh, so I noticed. He started in by telling my fortune and now he's counting it."



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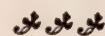


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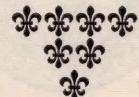


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